

BLUE RIBBON



# COMICS

MYSTERY



A GREAT BLACK HAND • CAPTAIN FLAG Story

No. 18  
NOV.  
10¢







# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

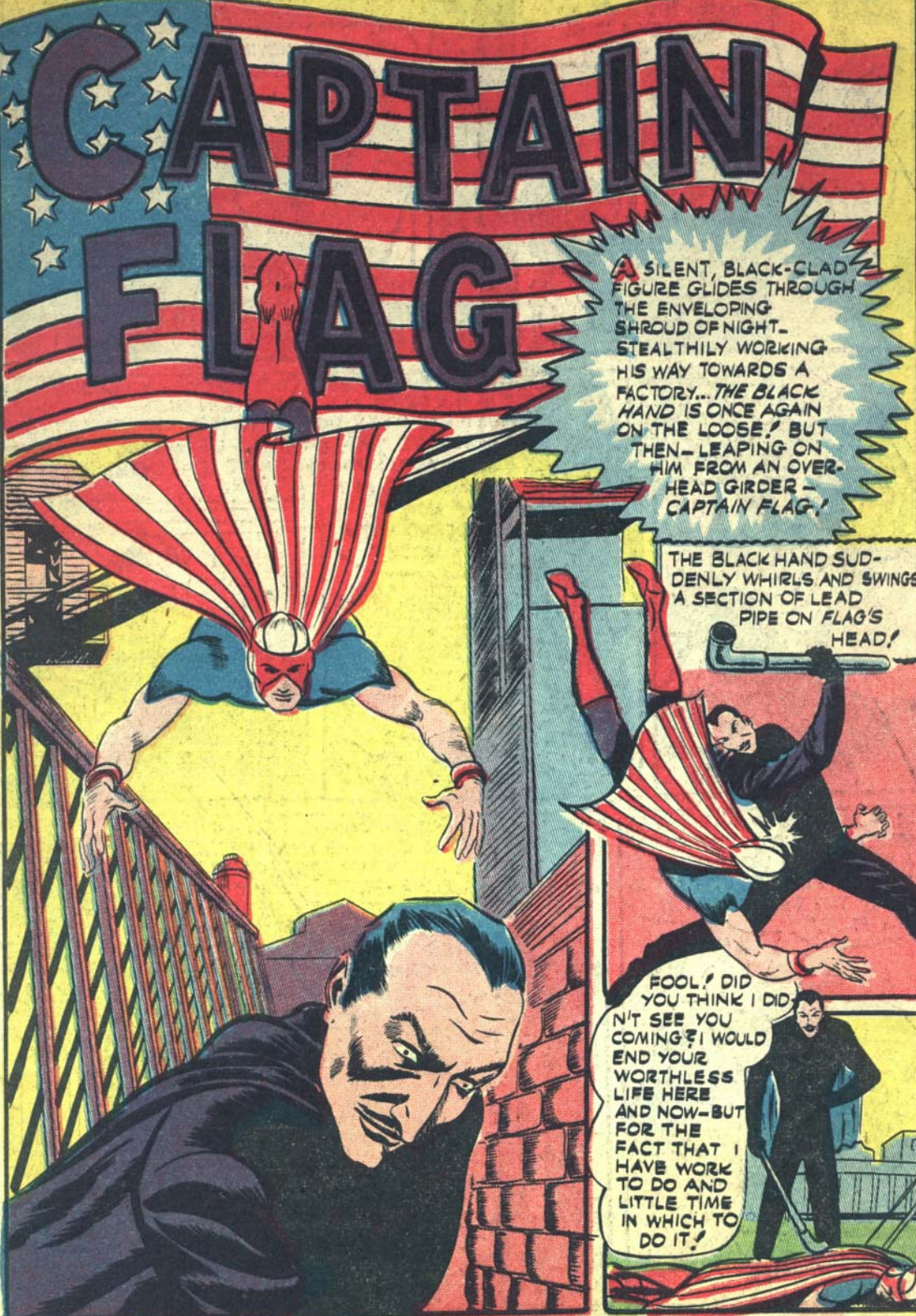


# CAPTAIN FLAG

A SILENT, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE GLIDES THROUGH THE ENVELOPING SHROUD OF NIGHT... STEALTHILY WORKING HIS WAY TOWARDS A FACTORY... THE BLACK HAND IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE LOOSE! BUT THEN- LEAPING ON HIM FROM AN OVER-HEAD GIRDER - CAPTAIN FLAG!

THE BLACK HAND SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND SWINGS A SECTION OF LEAD PIPE ON FLAG'S HEAD!

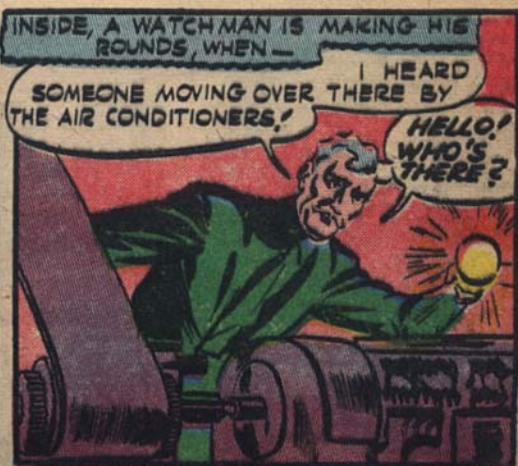
FOOL! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING? I WOULD END YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE HERE AND NOW-BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I HAVE WORK TO DO AND LITTLE TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT!







THE BLACK HAND LETS HIMSELF INTO THE FACTORY BY A REAR DOOR..



INSIDE, A WATCHMAN IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS, WHEN — I HEARD SOMEONE MOVING OVER THERE BY THE AIR CONDITIONERS, HELLO! WHO'S THERE?



SUDDENLY, A HAND CLOSES ABOUT THE WATCHMAN'S THROAT.



FOOLISH FIG! SUCH IS THE PRICE ALL MUST PAY WHEN THEY CHALLENGE THE BLACK HAND. NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY! NOW, TO PROCEED WITH MY WORK!



THE BLACK HAND OPENS A SECTION OF THE AIR CONDITIONER AND PRODUCING VIALS OF GERMS, POURS THEIR CONTENTS INTO THE TUBE.



IN THE MORNING, WHEN THEY START THE AIR CONDITIONING MACHINE, THE WORKMEN WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! BUT THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY PLOT!



RING! SO THE SUPERINTENDENT IS CALLING THE WATCHMAN FOR HIS HOURLY REPORT! HEH, HEH! THERE WILL BE NO ANSWER THIS TIME! MY WORK HERE IS DONE!



FLAG, MEANTIME, HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES

WHEN, WHAT A CLOUT HE GAVE ME!



MAYBE I CAN STILL GET HIM! HE MUST BE IN THE FACTORY HERE SOMEWHERE!

THERE HE GOES! THIS TIME I'LL GET HIM!

BUT AS FLAG RACES AFTER HIS ENEMY, A FEEBLE MOTION FROM THE WATCHMAN ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION.



SO HE GOT YOU, DID HE? DON'T TRY TO TALK, OLD TIMER! JUST RELAX FOR A MOMENT!  
POOR DEVIL! HE'S DONE FOR! HIS FACE IS ALREADY TURNING BLACK!

OUTSIDE...

COME ON, BOYS! SOMETHING'S WRONG INSIDE!

GREAT GHOSTS! IT'S CAPTAIN FLAG! GET 'EM UP, YOU!



ALL WE KNOW IS THE WATCHMAN DIDN'T ANSWER HIS HOURLY REPORT!

AND WHEN WE BREAK IN WE FIND THIS!

WE'RE TAKING YOU INTO TH' JAIL HOUSE, FLAG!





NEXT MORNING, AS THE WORKMEN ENTER THE FACTORY...



THE FIREMAN SETS THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT IN OPERATION...



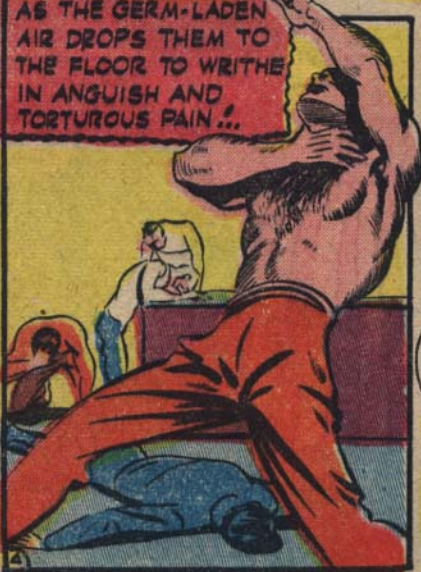
DO YOU FEEL WARM, JERRY?  
YEAH!  
AND MY THROAT'S DRY TOO!



THEN, THROUGH OUT THE FACTORY...



MEN BEGIN TO GRASP THEIR THROATS AND HEADS...



AS THE GERM-LADEN AIR DROPS THEM TO THE FLOOR TO WRITHE IN ANGUISH AND TORTUROUS PAIN...



THE FIREMAN STAGGERS TO THE PHONE..

MUST-GET-WORD. MEN-ALL-DYING-



OPERATOR -GET-AM-BALANCES-TO-FACTORY-MEN DYING! HURRY! UGH!





WHILE AT THE PRISON... I'M VERONICA DARNELL OF THE F.B.I. I'D LIKE TO SEE CAPTAIN FLAG!

YOU MAY HAVE 6 MINUTES, MISS!



WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE I'M HAVING A VISITOR!



I JUST GOT WORD THAT THE WORKMEN IN THE FACTORY WHERE THEY PICKED YOU UP LAST NIGHT ARE ALL DYING FROM A HORRIBLE DISEASE!

WHAT?



ONLY ONE THING CAN SAVE THEM - RADIUM! WE'RE HAVING A HALF-MILLION DOLLARS WORTH SENT FROM A VAULT IN CHICAGO AND -

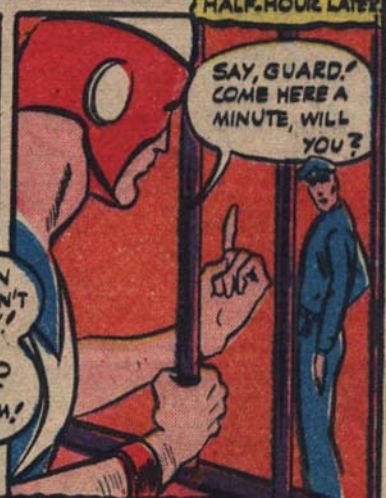
GOOD LORD! THAT'S IT THEN, THAT'S WHY -



TIMES UP, MISS!

BUT I -

GO ON AND DON'T WORRY! THE BLACK HAND WON'T GET THAT RADIUM!



HALF-HOUR LATER

SAY, GUARD! COME HERE A MINUTE, WILL YOU?



CAPTAIN FLAG SUDDENLY GRABS THE MAN AND WHIRLS HIM AROUND...

HEY, YOU! WHAT'S THE...



A COUPLE OF HEADACHE POWDERS WILL FIX YOU UP - WHEN YOU COME TO!



FLAG UNLOCKS HIS CELL DOOR WITH THE JAILER'S KEYS AND RACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR!



CAPTAIN FLAG  
DISPOSES OF ANOTHER  
GUARD WHO BLOCKS HIS  
WAY...

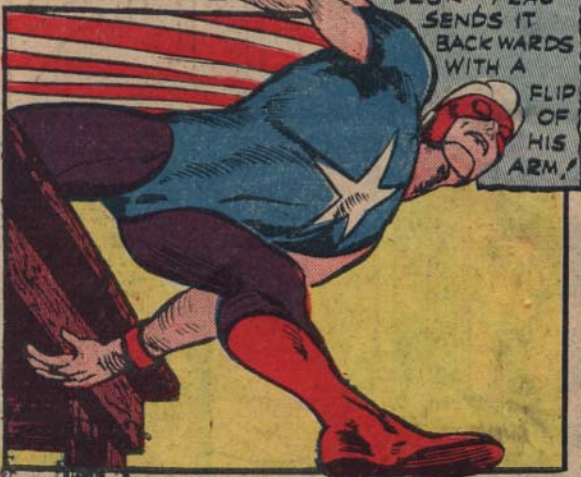


VAULTING OVER A  
DESK FLAG  
SENDS IT  
BACKWARDS  
WITH A  
FLIP  
OF HIS  
ARM!

STOP HIM! YOU  
STOP HIM!



THE DESK PILES  
UP HIS PURSUERS  
IN A MAD  
SCRAMBLE!



MEANTIME, THE  
RADIUM PLANE AR-  
RIVES AT THE AIRPORT...



HERE IT COMES NOW!  
AND HEAVILY  
GUARDED,  
TOO!

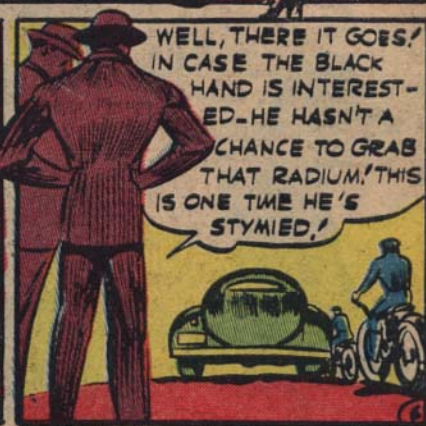


HERE'S THE RADIUM,  
MISS

THANKS! A  
POLICE ES-  
CORT WILL  
TAKE ME TO  
THE HOSPITAL!

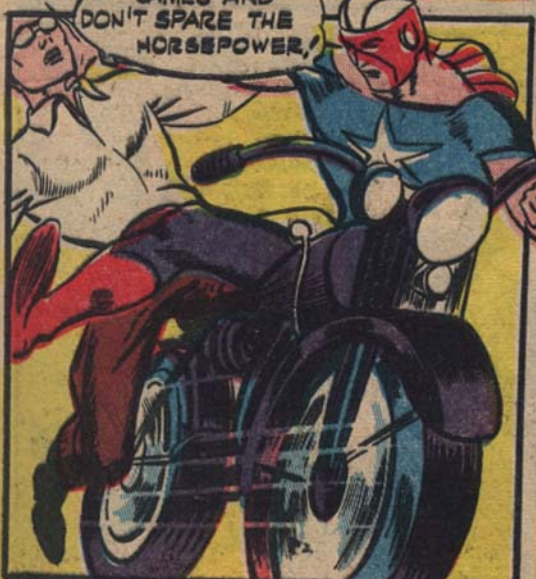
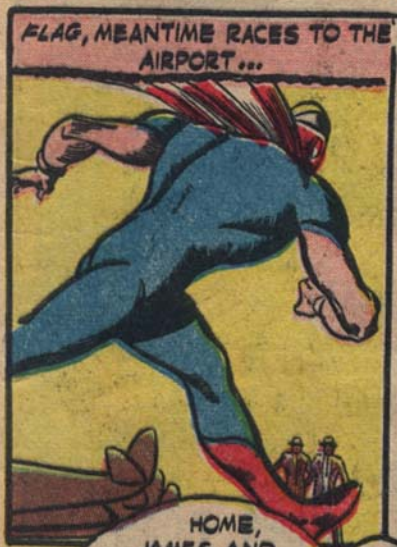


REMEMBER, OFFICER!  
WERE NOT TO STOP  
FOR ANYTHING UNTIL  
WE REACH THE  
HOSPITAL!

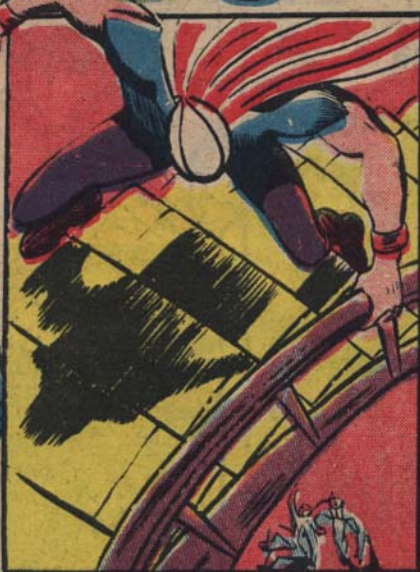
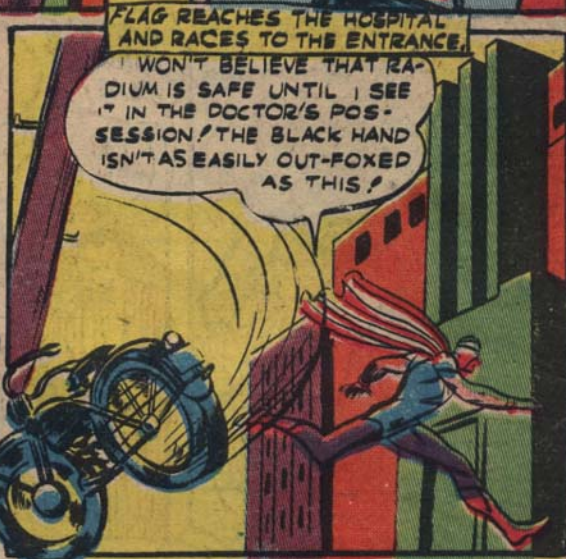


WELL, THERE IT GOES!  
IN CASE THE BLACK  
HAND IS INTEREST-  
ED-HE HASN'T A  
CHANCE TO GRAB  
THAT RADIUM! THIS  
IS ONE TIME HE'S  
STYMIED!





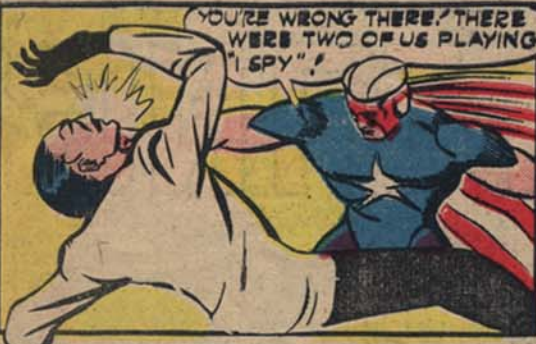






YOU'RE WRONG THERE, THERE WERE TWO OF US PLAYING "I SPY"!

CAPTAIN FLAG LASHES OUT WITH VICIOUS BLOWS, FORCING THE BLACK HAND TO GIVE GROUND.



THIS WILL STOP YOU, YOU INFERNAL MEDDLER!

TAKE THAT!-



THE POLICE CHARGE IN - CRACKING FLAG ON THE SKULL WITH THE DOOR EDGE!

THE BLACK HAND LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW!

(IS HE DEAD?) WELL, WELL, EVERYTIME I MEET UP WITH YOU I GET MY HEAD CRACKED!



SUFFERIN' SUNFISH, HE'S FIFTEEN STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLACK HAND?

HE HAD A ROPE ATTACHED TO THE BUILDING, HE GOT AWAY!

AT ANY RATE, WE SAVED THE RADIUM, THOSE WORKMEN'S LIVES WILL BE SAVED, AND AS FOR THE BLACK HAND - I'LL SETTLE MY SCORE WITH HIM SOMEDAY!

MEANWHILE, FLAG, THE APOLOGIES OF MY DEPARTMENT FOR PLACING YOU UNDER FALSE ARREST!

FORGET IT, SERGEANT! I'M ON MY WAY TO PICK UP THE BLACK HAND, AND THIS TIME - HE WON'T GET AWAY!





# RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG... AND

*Richy,*

the AMAZING BOY



WELL, RUSS, YOU THINK YOUR HORSE ROARAWAY WILL WIN THE HANDICAP EASILY TOMORROW, EH?

I'M SURE OF IT, HY, AND I'M GLAD YOU'LL BE HERE TO SEE THE RACE!

HEY HY! LOOKS LIKE A FIRE OVER THERE!



HOLY HANNAH! IT'S MY STABLE! ROARAWAY IS IN THERE!

WHAT?!

LET'S GO, BOYS!





COME ON, TRIGGER!  
LET'S GET THAT HOSE  
OUT!



THERE ISN'T A CHANCE, RICHY!  
THAT STABLE IS LIKE A TINDER  
BOX!

RANG AND I CAN GET IN  
THERE, RUSS! ROARAWAY  
WON'T BE BURNED  
ALIVE IF WE CAN  
HELP IT!



HEY! YOU TWO FOOLS!  
COME BACK HERE!

SORRY! GOTTA SEE  
A FIRE ABOUT  
A HORSE!



SNAP IT UP, TRIG! TURN ON  
THE WATER! WE'VE GOT TO  
COVER RICHY AND RANG  
OR THEY'RE  
GONERS!

HERE COMES  
THE 'WATER!



INSIDE THE BURNING STABLE,  
RANG LEADS RICHY - BLINDED  
BY SMOKE - TOWARDS THE  
PRIZED RACE HORSE...

LEAD ON, OLD  
BOY!



RICHY QUICKLY SLIPS OFF HIS  
SWEATER AND THROWS  
IT OVER THE  
HORSES  
HEAD...



THE AMAZING BOY PROTECTS  
ROARAWAY'S DELICATE NOSTRILS  
WITH THE SWEATER AS THE WON-  
DER DOG GRABS THE HALTER  
ROPE AND STARTS  
OUT...



JIMMINY  
CRICKETS!  
THEY MADE  
IT!

IF I DIDN'T  
THINK THEY  
COULD, I WOULD  
N'T BE STAND-  
ING HERE!



WHILE STANDING BACK IN THE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS....

NUTS! THAT KID AN' TH' DOG GOT THE HOSS OUT!

WE STILL GOT A ACE UP OUR SLEEVE, BEETLE C'MON?!

THERE'S WOODS' JOCKEY! WE'LL PUT THE PRESSURE ON 'M. HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW GRAND!

WHATTA YA' SAY EDDIE? GOT A LITTLE PROPOSITION TO MAKE WITH YA'!

THERE'S A COUPLE A GRAND HERE EDDIE! IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY YA A NICE COFFIN... OR YA CAN USE IT AND LIVE IF ROARAWAY DONT WIN TOMORROW! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

MEANWHILE....

RICHY, I'LL BE INDEBTED TO YOU AND RANG FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. THAT WAS THE MOST DARING PIECE OF WORK I'VE EVER SEEN.

FORGET IT, RUSS!

WHERE TO NOW, YOU SMOKE-EATER?

THINK I'LL WANDER OVER TO THE CLUB HOUSE AND WASH UP A BIT, HY! I SMELL LIKE A SMOKED HERRING!

AS RICHY LEAVES...

RUSS, I HAVE A HUNCH-- ONLY A HUNCH-- THAT SOMEBODY SET THAT FIRE DELIBERATELY. NOW IN CASE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE CODE YOU CAN USE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME.

MEANTIME...

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? RUSS' JOCKEY. AND HE'S TAKING MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH LOOKING BABIES!

BETTER STICK AROUND AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

SO-LONG, KID! JUST KEEP SMART AND YOU'LL LIVE TO DIE A GREAT-GRAND-PAPPY.



MAYBE I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT, EDDIE. BUT DID I SEE YOU TAKING MONEY FROM THOSE FELLOWS? IT'S AGAINST RACING RULES, YOU KNOW.



I LIKE T' HEAR GUYS LIKE YOU SHOOT OFF THEIR MOUTHS. IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PLASTER 'EM SHUT.



HARD HEAD. SOFT BELLY. THAT'S THE WAY IT USUALLY IS.



I GUESS I WAS WRONG. RICHY, YOUR HEAD IS SOFT, TOO.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



THIS IS MY JOCKEY, LY.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT RICHY?



EDDIE TOOK MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS AND WHEN TRIED TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT, HE TOOK A SWING AT ME. SO I JUST SWUNG BACK.



YOU'RE RIGHT, RICHY. HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS ON HIM. WELL, EDDIE THIS FINISHES YOUR RIDING CAREER. I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE RACING COMMISSION.

TSK! TSK! TSK!



# MORNING POST

## COOPER'S JOCKEY BANNED! RICHY WATERS TO RIDE ROARAWAY IN HANDICAP!



**BULLETIN**

LATE YESTERDAY, JOCKEY EDDIE COOPER WAS CAUGHT BY THE RACING COMMISSION TAKING MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS AND WHEN TRIED TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT, HE TOOK A SWING AT ME. SO I JUST SWUNG BACK.



IN THE OFFICE OF "SQUINT EYES" BREZNEK, THE CITY'S BIGGEST BOOKIE

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING, DID YOU, YOU NUMB-SKULLS? WELL, DID YOU SEE THE MORNING PAPERS?

BUT IT AINT OUR FAULT, WE THOUGHT—



I COVERED SO MANY BETS ON BOG/BAWY THAT I'LL BE RUINED IF HE WINS, NOW DO WHAT I TELL YOU: GET RUSS COOPER AND TAKE HIM OUT TO THE SHACK IN MORGAN COUNTY, I DON'T CARE HOW GENTLE YOU ARE, EITHER.



SEE THAT HE'S OUT COLD, TIED UP, BLINDFOLDED AND TAKEN TO THAT SHACK WITH- OUT KNOWING WHERE HE'S GOING.

WE GIT YA, BOSS!



LATER... AT THE RACE TRACK....

WELL, HY, WE'VE GOT A NEW STABLE AND BOARDWAY'S ALL SET TO RUN, WITH YOU AND RANG AND TRIG ON GUARD, I FEEL SAFE. I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HOW RICHY'S COMING WITH HIS WEIGHING IN.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE GOES!

AND HERE WE GO.



THINK HE'S OUT COLD ENOUGH?

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'LL THINK HE'S BEEN IN A' ICEBOX FOR A WEEK.



GIT THAT HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS EYES, THE BOSS DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOIN'—

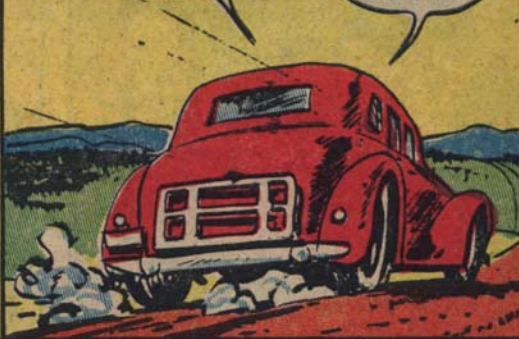
OR WHERE HE IS WHEN HE GITS DERE.



THE CAR SPEEDS OUT TOWARDS MORGAN COUNTY WITH RUSS SOUND AND BLINDFOLDED ON THE REAR SEAT...

TH' BOSS WON'T HAVE NO KICKS COMIN' NOW, BEETLE.

YOU SAID IT! WE DONE THIS JOB, RIGHT.







RICHY WEIGHS IN AT THE JOCKEY'S CLUB BEFORE THE BIG RACE.

SAY-TRIG. I THOUGHT RUSS SAID HE'D BE OVER HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID, TOO, HY. BUT ME BARS AINT WHAT THEY USED TO BE SINCE I WAS A BOXER.

AT THE SHACK IN MORGAN COUNTY...

LISTEN, COOPER. WHO WE ARE AINT IMPORTANT, BUT EITHER YOU WRITE A NOTE TO SPEED AND TELL HIM TO SCRATCH ROARAWAY OR ELSE.



GOOD. THEY'RE GIVING ME A CHANCE TO WRITE A NOTE. THAT CODE HY GAVE ME WILL COME IN HANDY. I'LL USE IT AND TIP HIM OFF WHERE I AM. AND TELL HIM TO RACE ROARAWAY NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.



OKAY. YOU'VE GOT ME. I'LL WRITE IT.

HERE'S TH' PAPER AN' A PEN, BUT DON'T TAKE HIS BLIND-FOLD OFF TIL I GET OUT OF HERE. THEN ONE OF YOU GUYS GIMME THE NOTE OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SEE A MESSENGER DELIVERS IT TO SPEED.



A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE TRACK...

I'M ALL SET, HY, AS SOON AS I HEAR THE POST BUGLE I'LL...

MESSAGE FOR MR. SPEED.

MY GRACIOUS, A MESSAGE.

RIGHT HERE, BOY.



GOOD LORD, RICHY. LOOK AT THIS. RUSS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND THREATENED WITH DEATH IF YOU RIDE ROARAWAY TODAY!

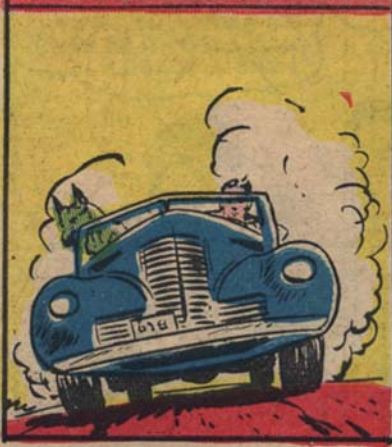


HE WAS SMART—HE USED A CODE I SHOWED HIM. HE DOESN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS—BUT HE COUNTED THE NUMBER OF LEFT AND RIGHT TURNS—AND BELIEVES HE'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES OVER THE COUNTY LINE—IN MORGAN COUNTY. I'M GOING AFTER HIM.





HY AND RANG START OFF TOWARDS MORGAN COUNTY...



WHILE AT THE TRACK, THE BUGLER SOUNDS THE CALL TO POST...



WELL, TRIG, WE'RE ABOUT READY TO START. WISH ME LUCK.



RICHY, ON ROUBAWAY, JOINS THE PARADE TO POST...



I'M GONNA MAKE A BET ON RICHY. LET'S SEE NOW - HE'S NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE.



TEN DOLLARS ON NUMBER 6 IN THE SECOND RACE.

SORRY, BUDDY. THAT RACE HAS ALREADY RUN.

IT WAS MY GRACIOUS. THEN GIVE ME NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE. MAYBE THAT'LL BE LUCKY.



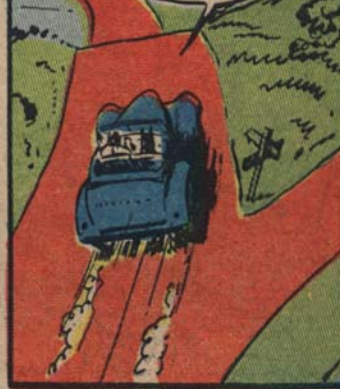
BRESNECK, MEANTIME, ARRIVES AT THE TRACK...

I'LL GET IN HERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE WHERE I CAN WATCH THAT RICHY KID AND IF HE DOESN'T OBEY ORDERS...



WHILE HY FOLLOWS COOPER'S GENERAL DIRECTIONS INTO MORGAN COUNTY...

WE SHOULD BE PRETTY NEAR THE PLACE BY NOW, RANG.













NOT LONG AFTERWARD, MY RUSS AND RANG ARRIVE AT THE TRACK—JUST AS THE HORSES ROUND THE FAR TURN—WITH RICHY IN SECOND PLACE....



GOSH, LOOK AT RICHY GO! I WISH I'D BEEN ABLE TO PUT A BET ON HIM INSTEAD OF NUMBER 2. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT GUY AT THE WINDOW SAID THE RACE WAS OVER.



LET'S SPLIT UP, RUSS. BREZNEK WILL BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE.

I'LL COVER THE GRANDSTAND, HY.



SO THE KID IS TRYIN' TO WIN, IS HE? OKAY—HERE'S MY ANSWER!



AS ROARAWAY FLASHES DOWN THE STRETCH, BREZNEK LEVELS HIS GUN...



AND THE WONDER DOG, HAVING RICKED UP HIS SCENT, MAKES A MAGNIFICENT LEAP ONTO THE BOOKIES' BACK...

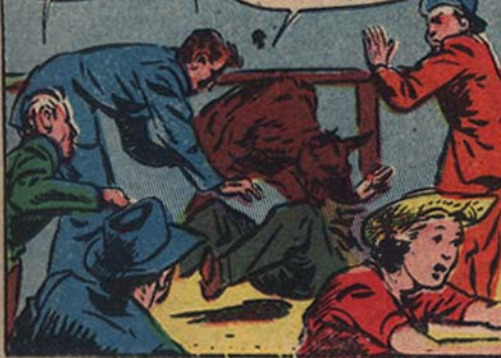


HY AND RUSS, HEARING THE SHOT, RUSHES UP TO MAKE BREZNEK'S CAPTURE SECURE....

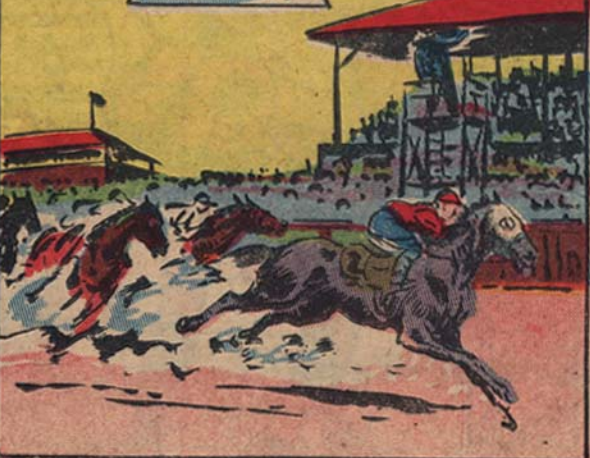
GOOD WORK, RANG! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LOOK OUT!

THAT MAN HAS A GUN!



WHILE ROARAWAY WITH RICHY UP, GALLOPS ACROSS THE FINISH LINE—THE WINNER BY A LENGTH!





WHAT'S GOING ON OVER HERE? OH, HELLO, SPEED, WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

NO FRIEND OF MINE, CAPTAIN, THIS IS BREZNECK, THE BOOKIE, BUT FROM NOW ON HE'LL JUST BE A NUMBER IN THE STATE PRISON, THE CHARGES ARE KIDNAPING, BLACKMAIL AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.

AW, HECK, I LIKE TO SEE RICHY WIN - BUT I WISH NUMBER 2 HAD WON, I LOST ALL MY DOUGH, MIGHT AS WELL TEAR UP THE TICKET.

BOA-BAWAY AND RICHY GET A TREMBENDOUS OVATION FROM THE AS THE GALLANT HORSE RECEIVES THE VICTOR'S WREATH...

HI YA, HY!

HELLO, RICHY, MY GOODNESS! I WISH I HAD BET ON YOU INSTEAD OF THE HORSE I BET ON!

WHO'D YOU BET ON, TRIG?

I CAN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME, BUT HIS PLACE WAS FAMILIAR, IT WAS NUMBER 2.

WHY, THAT'S RICHY'S HORSE, YOL WON!

LATE THAT NIGHT...

GOSH! GEE WHIZ! I NEVER SAW SO MANY PIECES OF PAPER! WHY DON'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS?

WELCOME TO ZIP COMICS, BLACK JACK!

THANKS, STEEL STERLING!

HEY, LOONEY! YA HEAR THAT? BLACK JACK'S GONNA BE IN ZIP COMICS WITH US!

FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS AND GIVES YOU -

# BLACK JACK

IN NOV. ZIP COMICS  
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWS-  
STANDS RIGHT NOW!

BOYBOY OBOY! THAT'S SWELL! I WAS GETTIN' TIRED OF PINOCCHLE ANYWAY!



# the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



Everyone loves a dog. That is because down deep inside everyone is kind and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "Man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the Rang-a-Tang Club and to become a prospect for charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

The purpose of the Rang-a-Tang Club is to have fellowship among doglovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The Rang-a-Tang Club's veterinarian, Dr. Alexander Slawson will furnish to members of the club absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

## HOW TO JOIN THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to My Speed together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the Rang-a-Tang Club will receive an embossed membership card and a Rang-a-Tang button as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's booklet "Highlights on the Health of Your Dog and Cat" and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only the professional advice of Dr. Alexander Slawson, veterinarian, absolutely free.

## the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the Honor Legion.

**1st Way**—In keeping with your Rang-a-Tang oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

**A**—All letters must be certified by parent or guardian.  
**B**—All those who become charter members will have their names published in the pages of Blue Ribbon Comics.  
**C**—Outstanding letters will be published on the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion page.

**2d Way**—Enlist two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

**A**—Just have them apply for membership to the club in the same way as you did.  
**B**—Then drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.  
**C**—So write and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a charter member of the Honor Legion.

Charter members of the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion will receive a beautifully engraved Honor Legion diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine; the author, Joe Blair; the artist, Ed Smalls, Jr., and myself.

Just remember this: It is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Go to it!

### THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear My Speed,

Not so long ago I saw a man whipping his dog. I yelled for him to stop, but the man just yelled at me to go away or he'd let me get a taste of the whip myself. The man had chained on the dog and the dog was bleeding, so I waited till the man had gone in, then I climbed over the fence, got the dog loose, and took him home with me. My dad went to the dog owner and the owner said I could keep it, so I did. Proud now on me're pal!

Billy Walthour  
 El Paso, Texas

### THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

NAME	ADDRESS	NAME	ADDRESS
Carlisle Silsby	82 W. Water St. Paw/Keosau, U.T.	Rich Epstein	6005 Ellifford Terr. Phila, Pa.
Carolyn Young	103 Lyons Lane Bethesda, Md.	Bonnie Underwood	5th St. & Tucson Blvd. Tucson, Arizona
Julia Burnash	25 Hampton Rd. Cranford, N.J.	Ronald Kramer	614 N. Maplewood Ave. Chicago, Ill.
		Edna Piccotti	202 51st Ave. Hempst, N.Y.
		Jean McFarland	85-5th Ave. Collegeville, Pa.
		Florida Fatman	6708 Page Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.

### QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 BREED OF DOG..... SEX OF DOG.....  
 APPROXIMATE WEIGHT..... CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR).....  
 EYES..... NOSE..... BOWEL FUNCTIONS.....  
 OTHER REMARKS.....

MY SPEED  
 40 BLUE RIBBON COMICS  
 160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN TO COVER COST OF HANDLING. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I AM TO RECEIVE MY MEMBERSHIP CARD AND A RANG-A-TANG BUTTON.

NAME (PRINT CLEARLY)..... ADDRESS.....  
 CITY AND STATE..... AGE.....

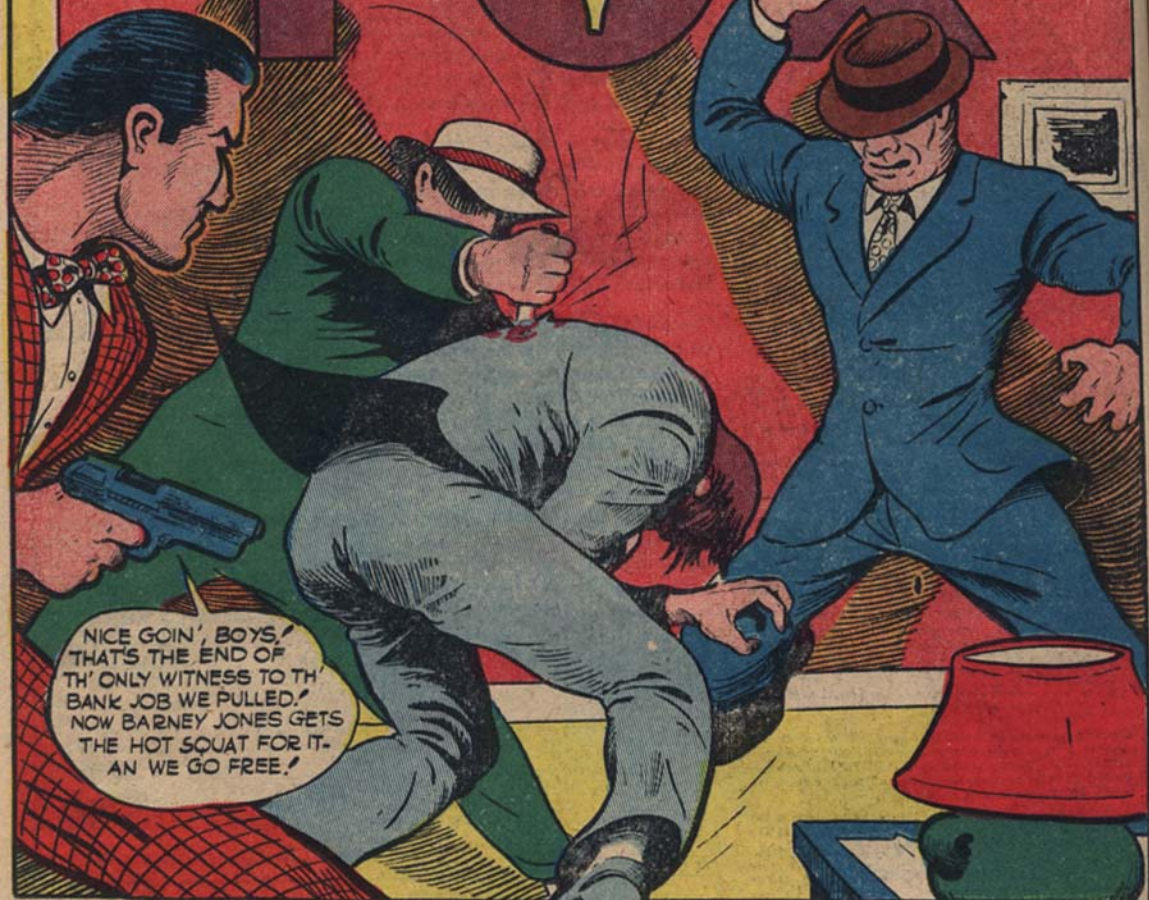
**OATH** ON MY HONOR, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ALL ANIMALS, BE THEY IN DISTRESS OR OTHERWISE, TO DO A GOOD DEED WHENEVER I CAN, IN ALL PLACES AT ALL TIMES. I WILL KEEP THIS PLEDGE CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART AND IN MY MIND. I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR—

SIGN NAME.....



The

# FOXY



NICE GOIN', BOYS!  
THAT'S THE END OF  
TH' ONLY WITNESS TO TH'  
BANK JOB WE PULLED.  
NOW BARNEY JONES GETS  
THE HOT SQUAT FOR IT-  
AN WE GO FREE!

PAUL PATTON, STAFF MEMBER  
OF THE DAILY GLOBE, INTER-  
VIEWS THE CONDEMNED  
BARNEY JONES IN HIS  
DEATH CELL...



I KNOW-IT'S WHAT EVERY  
CONDEMNED MAN ALWAYS  
SAYS, BUT IT'S TRUE... I  
SWEAR IT!

I DIDN'T KILL THAT WATCHMAN AT  
THE BANK. "RED" BARKER AND  
HIS GANG FRAMED ME. IF YOU  
DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MY PAL-  
BILL BRONSON. HE KNOWS THE  
WHOLE STORY, BUT WHEN THE  
COPS GRABBED ME, HE GOT  
SCARED AN' RAN. I KNOW HE'LL  
TELL THE TRUTH IF  
YOU TALK TO HIM. TELL HIM MY  
LIFE DEPENDS  
ON HIS STORY!



GOT A STORY, PATTON?  
YEAH, SOME  
STORY, ALL  
KILLERS ARE THE  
SAME- THEY AL-  
WAYS TRY TO  
ALIBI THEIR WAY  
OUT!





BUT THAT NIGHT, PAUL PATTON BECOMES THE FOX... AND SWINGS UP THE FIRE ESCAPE INTO BILL BRONSON'S HOME...



BARNEY JONES MIGHT HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THE TRUTH, I'LL SEE WHAT HIS PAL BRONSON HAS TO SAY.



KIND OF DARK IN HERE, GUESS I'LL MAKE MYSELF AT HOME AND WAIT FOR BRONSON.

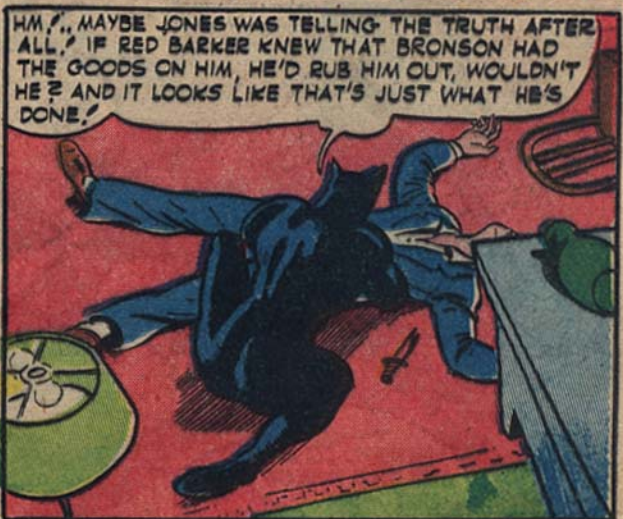


THE FOX SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...

SUFFERIN' SUN-FISH, LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY.



BRONSON, KNIFED, AND JONES SAID HE WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO COULD CLEAR HIM.



HM... MAYBE JONES WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL, IF RED BARKER KNEW THAT BRONSON HAD THE GOODS ON HIM, HE'D RUB HIM OUT, WOULDN'T HE? AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DONE.

..AND CALLS RED BARKER.



ARE YOU SOME GUY THAT'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME FOR SOMETHIN'?

YOU'LL FRAME YOURSELF, BARKER, IF BILL BRONSON YAPS TO THE D.A., THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY, SO LONG.



YEAH? OKAY. SO WHAT? YOU'RE A COP-HATER, WHOEVER YOU ARE, SO BILL BRONSON AIN'T DEAD AND HE'S ON TH' WAY TO SQUEAL TO TH' D.A. HEY, WHAT KIND OF GAG IS THIS?



THE FOX PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE...



A MOMENT LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY....

WHAT? A GUY BY THE NAME OF BRONSON IS GOING TO DO WHAT?

I SAID HE'S ON HIS WAY TO YOUR OFFICE RIGHT NOW TO CLEAR BARNEY JONES OF THAT MURDER RAP. STICK AROUND, D.A.! I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING.

I MAY BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BUT I'VE STARTED THIS THING AND I'M GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.



AND HOPE NOBODY SEES ME, ESPECIALLY BARKER AND HIS MOB.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET THIS FELLOW OUT HERE...



NOW, THEN! WE JUST PUT BRONSON IN THIS CAR BEHIND THE WHEEL AND I DRIVE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, RED BARKER AND HIS MOBSTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE....

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, YOU MUGS! TH' MINUTE YOU SPOT BRONSON, LET 'IM HAVE IT! WE GOTTA BE SURE WE FINISH HIM THIS TIME!



THERE HE COMES NOW!

GOOD! START UP TH' CAR AND WE'LL DRIVE UP BESIDE HIM AN' BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!



THE FOX DUCKS LOW IN THE SEAT AS HE STEERS THE CAR TO THE CURB AND TURNS OFF THE IGNITION...

HM? I THINK MY GANG-STER FRIENDS ARE ALREADY WAITING! HOPE HAVENT KEPT THEM TOO LONG!



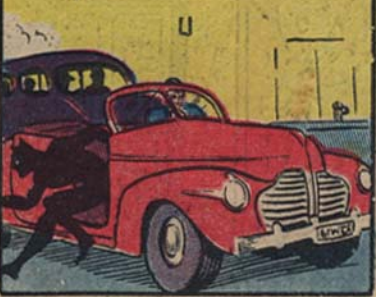
BARKER'S CAR STARTS UP AND BEGINS TO SWING AROUND IN A U-TURN...

SHOULD WE PLUG 'IM NOW, BOSS? NO, WAIT'LL WE GET RIGHT UP BESIDE HIM LIKE SAID!



AS THE MOBSTERS APPROACH THE FOX SLIPS OUT OF THE CAR...

GET READY! HERE WE GO!



OKAY! NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

THE MOBSTERS OPEN FIRE ON BRONSON'S DEAD BODY...



AND THE FOX SNAPS PICTURE AFTER PICTURE!



WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTIN' GOIN' ON OUT HERE?

CAME FROM A CAR... BUT IT'S GONE NOW!

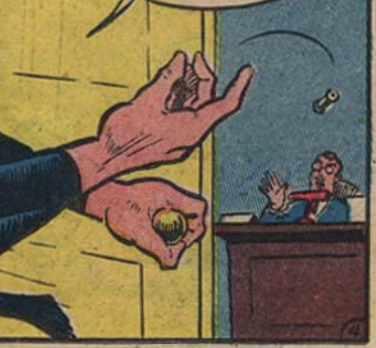


AS THE POLICE CHARGE ACROSS THE STREET TO EXAMINE BRONSON'S BODY, THE FOX SLIPS AROUND BEHIND THEM AND ENTERS THE BUILDING...

IT'S THE GUY IN THAT CAR OVER THERE WHO GOT THE LEAD SHOWER!



HERE YOU ARE, MR. D.A. DEVELOP THAT ROLL OF FILM AND YOU'LL KNOW WHO JUST RIDDLED BILL BRONSON'S BODY TO SHUT HIM UP!





LATER, IN THE POLICE DEVELOPING ROOM...

HERE'S THE PRINTS OF THAT FILM THE FOX GAVE YOU, THEY'RE DYNAMITE.

HOLY SMOKE! RED BARKER.. AS CLEAR AS DAY!

OKAY, MEN! THAT'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE FOR ME. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? GO OUT AND GET BARKER AND HIS MOB!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE POLICE SQUAD CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CITY ON THEIR WAY TO BARKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! IF ONE OF THEM MAKES A MOVE FOR HIS GUN... SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

GOOD! THERE GO THE POLICE! NOW I'LL MOSEY AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE AND KEEP WATCH THERE!

THE FIGHTING D.A. LEADS HIS MEN INTO THE HOUSE, TAKING BARKER'S MEN BY SURPRISE.

IN THE BACK ROOM...

GAME'S UP, BOYS! DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!

WHATTA THEY GOT ON US?

JEEPERS! THE COPS!

TH' D.A. AN HIS MEN! THAT MEANS THEY GOT SOMETHIN' ON ME OR THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE!



BARKER SNEAKS OUT A REAR WINDOW...

I CAN STILL MAKE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!

DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT!

OOPS! KIND OF SLIPPERY, ISN'T IT?



SO I'LL JUST SLIP ONE ON YOUR CHIN!

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP FOR PAPA! THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WATCH THE BIRDIE, GOOD! DIDN'T HURT MUCH, DID IT, NOW?

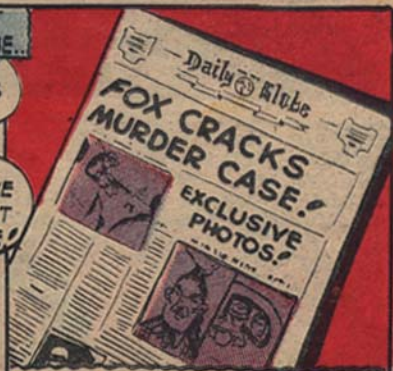


HERE'S THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

LATER.. PAUL PATTON ARRIVES AT THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY-GLOBE..

HEY CHIEF! I JUST GOT A HOT TIP! I HEAR BARNEY JONES ISN'T GUILTY OF THAT MURDER RAP!

NO KIDDIN'! WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT THE FIRST PAGE OF THE GLOBE!



5-STAR PATTON RUNS SMACK INTO ANOTHER THRILLER-AND THE FOX CLEARS UP THE CASE FOR HIM, AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S BLUE RIBBON COMICS!





# BLACK JACK

APPEARS IN THE NOV. ZIP COMICS



STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK... A COMBINATION THAT MAKES ZIP COMICS THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD... ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!



# CORPORAL COLLINS INFANTRYMAN



**Bombay Bugle**  
CORPORAL COLLINS STATIONED AT BOMBAY  
10,000 PRISONERS ARRIVE  
AMONG RECENT ARRIVALS TO BOMBAY IS  
CORP. COLLINS WHO HAS BEEN ASSIGNED  
TO GUARD 10,000 NAZI PRISONERS ARRIVING  
TODAY, OWING TO THE SHORTAGE OF TROOPS  
THE GUN FELT IT NECESSARY TO...

C'WON, RATZER, YOU FLYING DEVIL, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT TOO!

UGH?  
OOF?



GEE, LOOK CORP. I'M IN THE PAPERS! THEY GOT YOUR PICTURE TOO!

OOF?



SLAPSIE! YOU STUPID IDIOT! MAYBE YOU DON'T REALIZE THAT THAT'S RATZER GUNNING US!

R-RATZER? G-GOSH AND GEE! I BET YOU WOULD'VE GOT HIM IF I HADN'T PUSHED YOU, CORP!

STRUTS SCREAMING UNDER THE STRAIN OF ITS WHIRLWIND SPEED, THE GERMAN'S PLANE ZOOMS TOWARD THE DOCK. ITS MACHINE GUNS THROBBING OUT LEAD MESSAGES OF DEATH...

WE'LL GET HIM AFTER HE COMES OUT OF THAT DIVE!







!!? \*O!?! OYAY!  
SO I DIDN'T GET  
YOU THIS TIME?  
DROP IN AGAIN,  
NEXT TIME  
YOU'RE  
AROUND!

HEIL? RATZER!  
GOODY GOODY!  
WHEEP! HEIL!  
WOO RAY  
RATZER  
YAY!



WELL, HE'S ESCAPED!  
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH  
DAMAGE FOR ONE DAY!  
JUST BEAT IT! I'M  
BUSY!

AW CORP-  
I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO JOGGLE YOUR  
AIM-GEE-  
AW-CORP!



HECK, I WANTED TO HELP  
CORP DELIVER THE  
PRISONERS! AW NUTS!

SNIP! SNIP!



THE CORP'LL BE SORRY  
IF HE HAS ANY TROUBLE  
GETTING THE PRISONERS  
FROM THE SHIP TO THE  
CONCENTRATION CAMP-  
AND I'M NOT AROUND TO  
HELP HIM-GEE!  
LOOK-A BATTLESHIP!



H'YA MISTER!  
WHATCHA DOIN  
WITH THAT  
SLEDGE  
HAMMER?

I KNOCK IN  
WEDGE TO HOLD  
UP BOAT. GET  
OUT OF WAY!



HEY, CAN I  
SLAM SOME WEDGES IN  
FOR YOU?

NO! BEAT IT!  
I'M BEEZY MAN!



BUT LOOK!  
SLAPSIE'S  
SUSPENDER'S  
GET  
CAUGHT IN  
THE  
WEDGE  
AND....



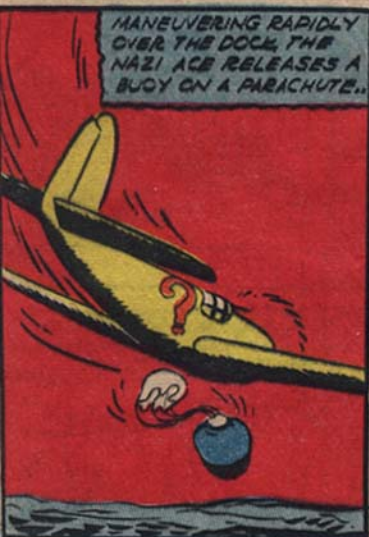
HEY!

... PULLS HIM BACK  
WITH A SHARP JERK!













AND HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE WE'LL GUARD THEM WITH ONLY 50 MEN? MAYBE YOU HAVE AN IDEA!

WHAT?



WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? COLLINS

RATZER'S TOO CLEVER TO WARN US WHAT HE'S UP TO! I BET HE'S AFTER THOSE PRISONERS!



WITH EVERYONE FIGHTING FIRES AT THE DOCK, HE'D BE IN A PERFECT SPOT TO FREE THE PRISONERS AND TAKE OVER THE TOWN!

WHILE COLLINS SPEEDS TO THE CAMP TO WARN THE GUARDS—MILES AWAY IN A DIMLY-LIT NAZI HIDEOUT KNOWN ONLY TO GESTAPO—STANDS RATZER, RATZER, THE RUTHLESS MENACE WHOSE CUNNING AND SAVAGE DEVILTRY MAKE HIM FEARED FROM BOMBAY TO BRISTOL!



AT LAST I'VE MET A MATCH FOR MY WITS. CORPORAL COLLINS IS IN BOMBAY!

THAT'S WHERE 10,000 OF OUR MEN ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS!

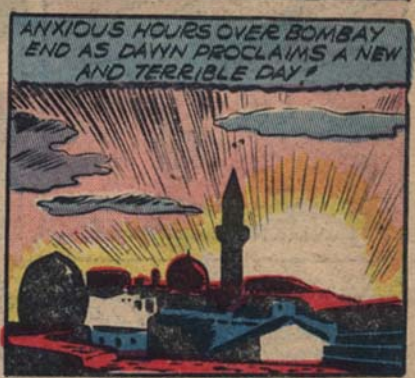


WE MUST RESCUE THEM!

YOU ARE RIGHT. WE MUST AND WE WILL!



WHAT I HAVE PLANNED CANNOT FAIL! YOU SHALL SEE!



ANXIOUS HOURS OVER BOMBAY END AS DAYN PROCLAIMS A NEW AND TERRIBLE DAY!



SLAPSIE, I WANT YOU TO GET BACK TO THE DOCK AND KEEP THE NATIVES LOADING THE BOAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, GET IT? NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. WE DON'T WANT RATZER GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, CORP!



THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH LOOMS OVER THE HORIZON—THE DREADED GERMAN ACE, RATZER!



WIDE THAT SCARED LOOK OFF YOUR FACES! WHEN I SAY "FIRE" DISCHARGE EVERY GUN ON THE DECK! HERE HE COMES! READY? FIRE!

NOW I HAVE THEM! THOUSAND YARDS MORE AND I RELEASE MY BOMBS! HA, HA, HA!

THE WARSHIP FIRES ITS LETHAL SHELLS SKYWARD!



EAGERLY AWAITING THEIR RESCUE THE PRISONERS LEAP AGAINST THE BARBED WIRE!







I'LL GET RATZER, DEAD OR ALIVE! ... BUT AFTER THAT CRASH, THE FIRST IS MORE LIKELY!



I'LL BE! HE GOT OUT UNSCATHED AFTER ALL! ... THAT GUY'S GOT MORE LUCK THAN LOADED DICE!



WHAT'S THE HURRY?



OOF! OH, SO WE LIKE TO KICK, DO WE?



I'M GETTING OUT OF CORP'S WAY- NUTS, MY SUSPENDERS' CAUGHT-



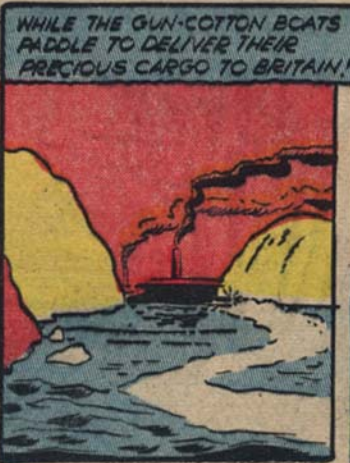
Stars indicating shock or impact.



TEMPORARILY STUNNED, COLLINS LETS GO OF RATZER



WHERE DID HE GO?



WHILE THE GUN-COTTON BOATS PADDLE TO DELIVER THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO TO BRITAIN!



CONGRATULATIONS COLLINS! THAT'S THE CLEANEST DEFENSE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!

THANKS GENERAL, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR WORKS OVER YET!



RATZER GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL GET THAT CUNNING DEVIL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE THE CORPS REALLY MET SOMEBODY WHO CAN GET HIS DANDER UP BESIDES SERGEANT BOYLE! WHAT A BREAK FOR YOU! READ THE NEXT BLUE RIBBON COMICS AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!!



SON OF THE  
TIGER

by JOE BLAIR

# TY-GOR



GO ON, YOU  
BIG LUG.

TY-GOR, TY-GOR  
RAH, RAH, RAH!



TY-GOR AND MALMA ARE BOUND FOR MAL-  
LAY, WITH TY'S GUARDIANS-EXPLORER DAVIS  
AND JOAN. BUT TWO DAYS OUT AT SEA,  
THEY DISCOVER A STOWAWAY. JUNIOR DE  
SNOOK, SON OF THE WEALTHY MAN WHO IS  
PAYING FOR THE EXPEDITION...

YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART  
ROMPIN' ALL OVER THE  
PLACE WITH THAT  
OVER-GROWN CAT?  
PHOOEY!





**TY-GOR! TAKE MALMA AWAY AT ONCE! YOU MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN JUNIOR LIKE THAT!**

**THE JUNGLE BOY LEADS HIS BELOVED TIGRESS SLOWLY TOWARDS HER CAGE...**

**I'LL SHOW THAT SIS-SY HE AINT SO TOUGH!**



**TYGOR BENDS DOWN AND WHISPERS IN THE GREAT CAT'S EAR..**

**YEOW!**

**HA HA HA HA!**



**THE NEXT MOMENT....**  
**HEY! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! LEMME ALONE!**

**MALMA LUNGES AT THE BOY....**

**GOOD HEAVENS! MALMA WILL MAUL HIM TO DEATH!**



**HELP!**







DAD- DO DO WHAT? MALMA ISN'T HURTING HIM! HE DESERVES WHAT I THINK HE'S GOING TO GET!



MALMA, MALMA! COME TO TY-GOR! WHEE!



THE TIGRESS LOPES BACK TO TY-GOR WITH JUNIOR DE SNOOK IN HER GRASP....

WHILE MALMA HOLDS DE SNOOK, TY-GOR GIVES HIM A SPANKING ...



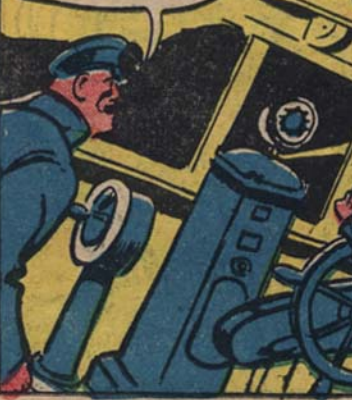
IF DE SNOOK DOESN'T LEARN TO BE A GENTLEMAN ON THIS TRIP, IT WON'T BE TY-GOR'S FAULT!



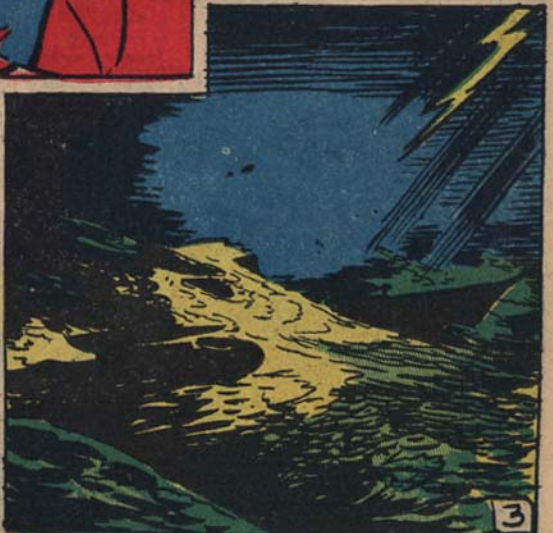
BUT WHAT'S THIS?.. A MASS OF DARK CLOUDS FORM IN THE SKIES AND THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO LASH OUT AT THE SHIP!....



DIRTY WEATHER AHEAD, MISTER! HEAD HER SOU' BY SOU' EAST!



AYE, AYE, SIR!





MAKE FAST THE LIFE LINES! THIS STORM IS PRETTY BAD!

AYE, AYE SIR!



AS THE STORM APPROACHES CLOSER AND CLOSER... THE CAPTAIN REALIZES ITS TYPE... A TYPHOON!

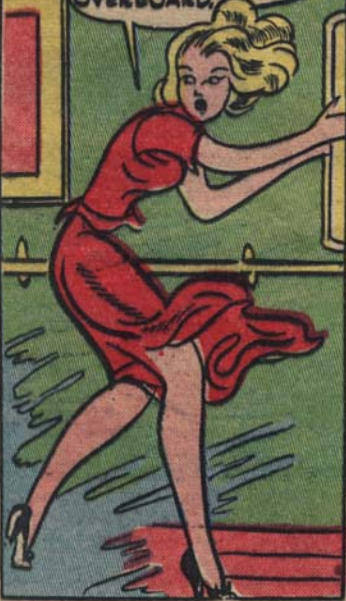


IT'S A TWISTER FOLKS! PRETTY TICKLISH SITUATION WERE IN! BETTER GET BELOW DECK!



JOAN STARTS IN SEARCH FOR TY-GOR..

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE'LL BE WASHED OVERBOARD!



JUNIOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? GET INSIDE... AND WHERE IS TY-GOR?

I SAW HIM GOING ALONG THE DECK A MINUTE AGO!



THE TYPHOON IS GOING TO HIT US, MISTER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE STORM! GET EVERYONE INSIDE!

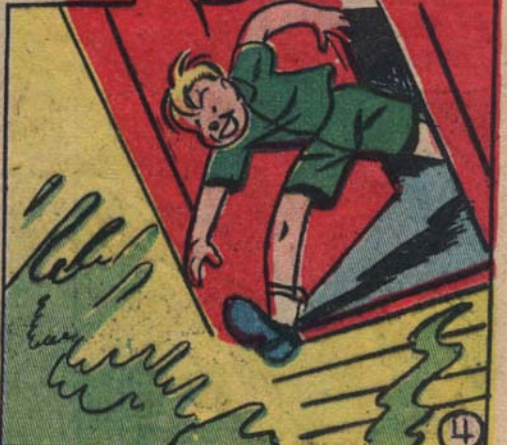


NUTS! I AINT NO SISSY! I'M GONNA STAY OUT HERE AND SEE WHAT A REAL STORM AT SEA IS LIKE!

INSIDE - YOU TWO! CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!



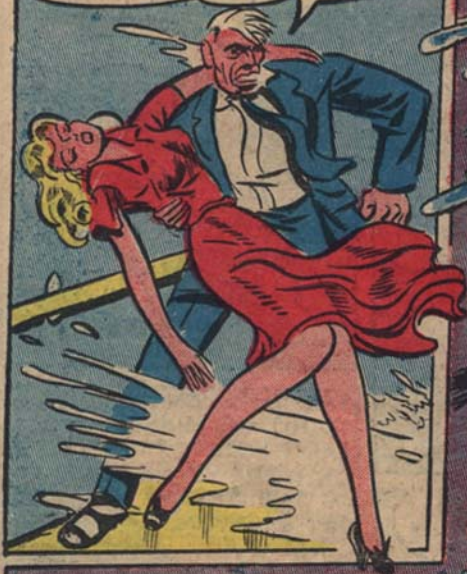
PHOOEY! WE'RE COMING!





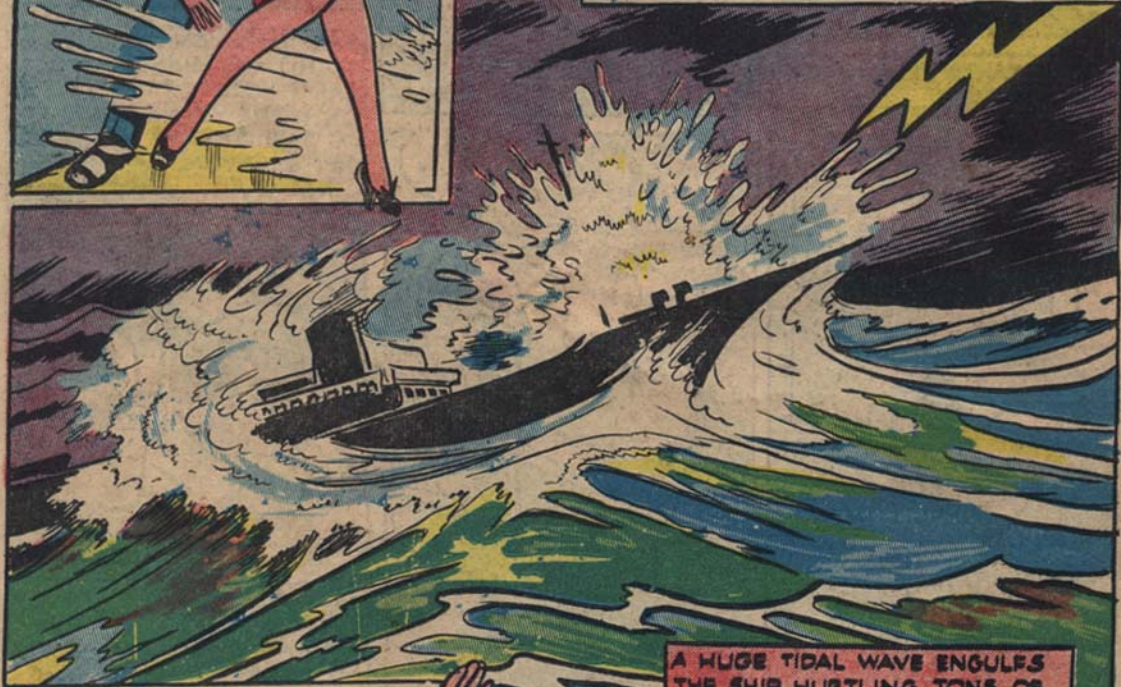
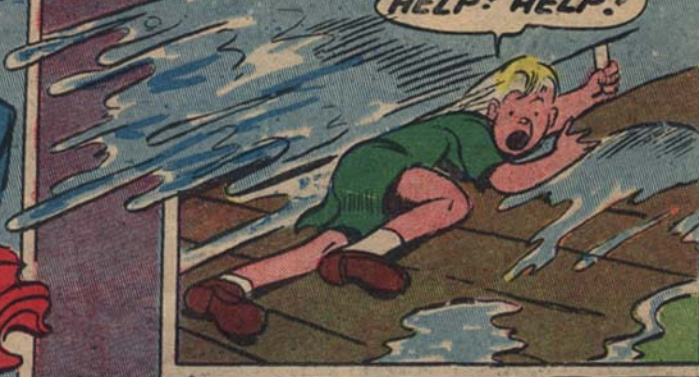
IN THE DAVIS' CABIN...

GOOD LORD, IF IT'S AS BAD AS THIS IN HERE - WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE OUTSIDE?



WHILE ON THE DECK, JUNIOR IS CLINGING TO THE LIFE-LINE DESPERATELY TRYING TO KEEP FROM BEING SWEEPED OVERBOARD!

HELP! HELP!



A HUGE TIDAL WAVE ENGULFS THE SHIP, HURTLING TONS OF WATER CRASHING ON THE DECK... AND THE SHIP STARTS TO SINK!!

JUNIOR IS FLUNG INTO THE SEA,

HELP! HELP!



IT'S JUNIOR, COME ON, MALMA!





ATOP SOME OF THE SHIP'S  
WRECKAGE....



MALMA SUDDENLY  
LOWERS HER HEAD  
AND ROARS!



A TROPIC ISLAND!



OOH! ISLAND!  
RAH! RAH! RAH!



THE JUNGLE YOUTH  
DIVES INTO THE  
SEA...



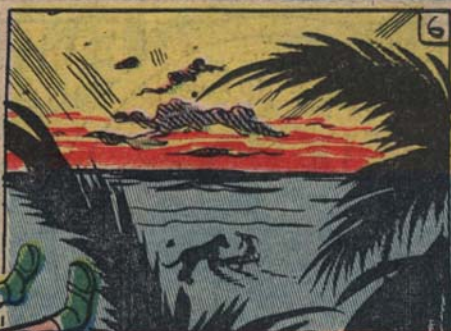
AND THEN, PLACES JUNIOR  
ON MALMA'S BACK, AND  
THEY STRIKE OUT FOR  
SHORE....



SAFE ON LAND ONCE MORE,  
TY-GOE'S FIRST CONCERN  
IS FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS  
BOY...



ALL DAY LONG,  
TY-GOE WORKS  
OVER HIM- AND AS  
NIGHT FALLS...

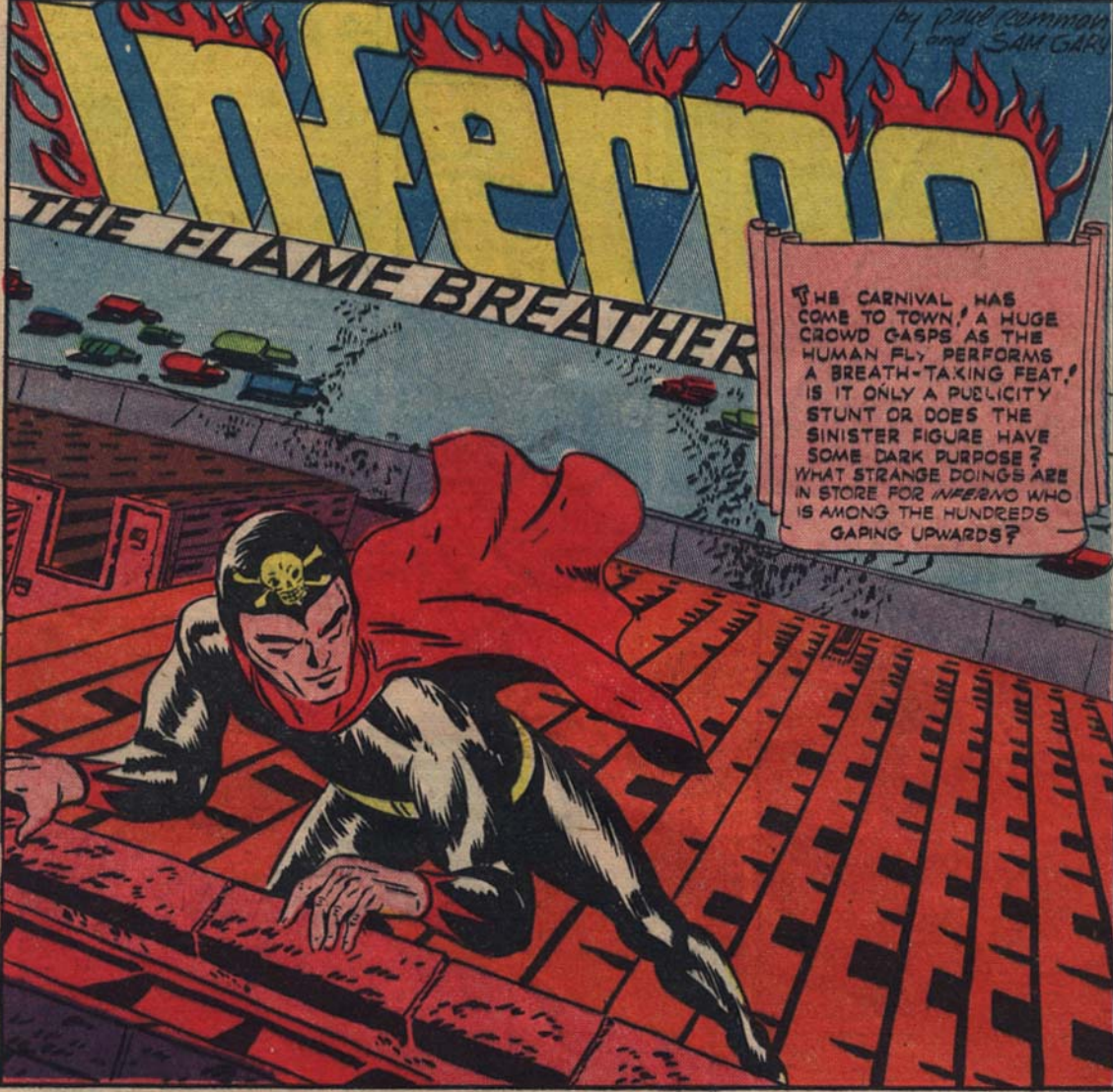


6

THE THREE COMPANIONS FIND THEM-  
SELVES ALONE ON A STRANGE IS-  
LAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS! DON'T  
MISS THEIR FIRST EXCITING AD-  
VENTURE IN THIS STRANGE LAND-  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
**BLUE RIBBON COMICS!!**



by Paul Romman  
and SAM GARY



THE CARNIVAL HAS COME TO TOWN! A HUGE CROWD GASPS AS THE HUMAN FLY PERFORMS A BREATH-TAKING FEAT! IS IT ONLY A PUBLICITY STUNT OR DOES THE SINISTER FIGURE HAVE SOME DARK PURPOSE? WHAT STRANGE DOINGS ARE IN STORE FOR INFERNO WHO IS AMONG THE HUNDREDS GAPING UPWARDS?



MEANWHILE, DOWN THE BLOCK!...

BOY THAT'S A RISKY WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!

QUICK! GET THE CAR GOIN'!



HELP, STOP THOSE THIEVES!

JEWELER



INFERNO WALKING AWAY FROM THE HUMAN FLY'S EXHIBITION, COMES TO THE ROBBERY.

A DARING LEAP AS THE BANDIT'S CAR PASSES BY FULL TILT, AND.....



I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

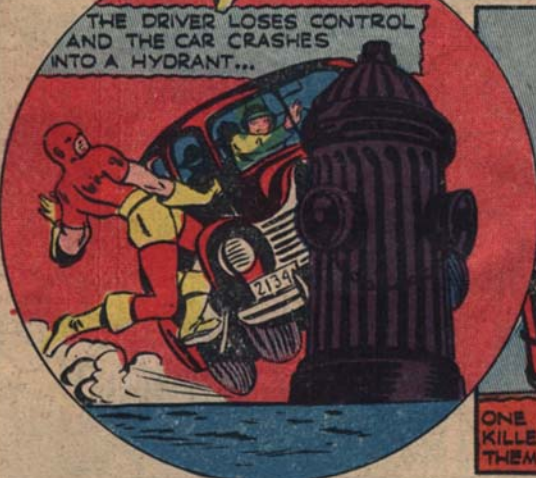
HELP!  
THIEVES!  
ROBBERS!



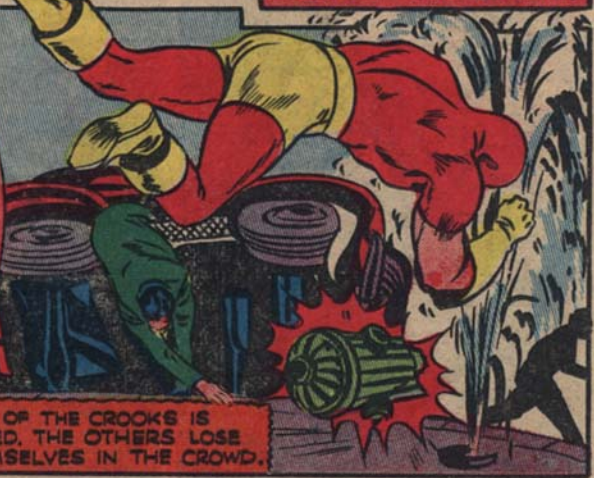
YOU GOT COMPANY MISTER!



AS ONE OF THE THUGS LASHES OUT TO SHAKE HIS PURSUER OFF THE RUNNING-BOARD, INFERNO LETS LOOSE A BLAST OF SEARING FLAME!



THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CRASHES INTO A HYDRANT...



ONE OF THE CROOKS IS KILLED. THE OTHERS LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CROWD.



I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THE COPS'LL THINK I WAS ON THIS JOB!



I KNEW IT! THEY LET THE CROOKS GET AWAY AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!



I'LL DUCK INTO THIS BUILDING AND CHANGE BACK TO STREET CLOTHES. I'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THOSE COPS WITH THIS UNIFORM ON!



THE POLICE CHASE INTO THE BUILDING....



HEY, YOU, DID YOU SEE A GUY IN UNIFORM RUN IN HERE?



YEAH, HE RAN UP THOSE STAIRS.

THANKS!



WHEW, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO.



MY WATCH MUST BE BROKEN. I MUST HAVE IT FIXED.



WHY VIRGINIA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



THERE IS A GANG PULLING DAYLIGHT ROBBERIES. THE F.B.I. WANTS ME TO TRACK THEM DOWN. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP!



WHOEVER IS BEHIND IT ALL IS CLEVER OR LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE NOONE AROUND AT THE TIME - IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

HMM.. THAT IS A COINCIDENCE!





JUST THEN, VIRGINIA IS ATTRACTED BY A STARTLING SCENE IN THE STREET....

INFERNO! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!

WELL!..WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT! A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE CARNIVAL IN TOWN, NO DOUBT!

WELL, I'LL RUN ALONG! I'D LIKE TO GET THIS WATCH FIXED AT THE JEWELERS DOWN THE BLOCK!

OKAY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!

WATCH? A JEWELER AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE CROWD? THE FIRST ROBBERY WAS PULLED RIGHT NEAR THE HUMAN FLY ACT...HMMM...IT'S A WILD HUNCH BUT IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO!

HEY, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

WELL, IF YOU WANT TO COME ALONG, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOME FAST RUNNING!

IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THEY'RE USING THESE PUBLICITY STUNTS AS DECOYS!

IN-FERNO'S HUNCH IS RIGHT! DOWN THE STREET, BANDITS EMERGE FROM A JEWELRY STORE!



BUT BEFORE THEY CAN MAKE A GETAWAY....



BREAKERS AHEAD!

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT STOPPIN' LEAD!



I'M A LOT BETTER STOPPING TIN-HORN CROOKS! AWWRRH!



THEN INFERNO LEAPS TO THE GETAWAY CAR, AND...



YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF PULLING OUT ON YOUR PALS,

INFERNO SWINGS THE GANG-STER BODILY FROM THE CAR...



THEN AS EASILY AS A PAPER WEIGHT...



YOU CAN HAVE HIM!

BONG!



HERE COME THE COPS! BETTER SCRAM!





IT'S INFERNO! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

BANG!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE THUGS! YOU GO AFTER INFERNO!



WE'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR CAR, MISS AMES.

ER...AH...ALL-RIGHT! HOP IN!



WE'LL COME ON! GET THIS THING MOVING!

I'M TRYING TO FIND MY IGNITION KEY!



GRACIOUS ME! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN MY PURSE!

LOOK, WILL YA PLEASE HURRY! THAT GUY IS GETTING AWAY!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M HOPING!

GRR...I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO START UP WITH A WOMAN!



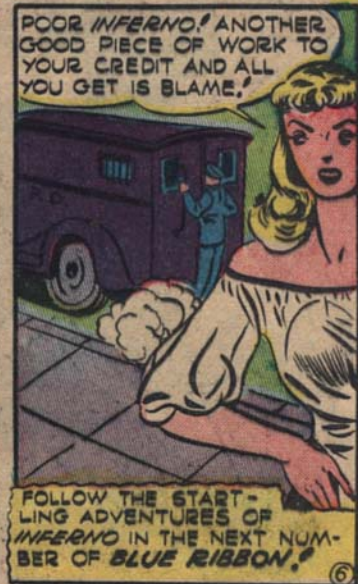
DEAR, DEAR! LIPSTICK AND COMPACT... BUT NO KEY!

BAH! I GIVE UP!



LOOK, HERE'S MY KEY! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF MY BAG!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T SEE IT SOONER, OR INFERNO WOULD BE GOING WITH THOSE OTHER CROOKS!



POOR INFERNO! ANOTHER GOOD PIECE OF WORK TO YOUR CREDIT AND ALL YOU GET IS BLAME!

FOLLOW THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF INFERNO IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF BLUE RIBBON!



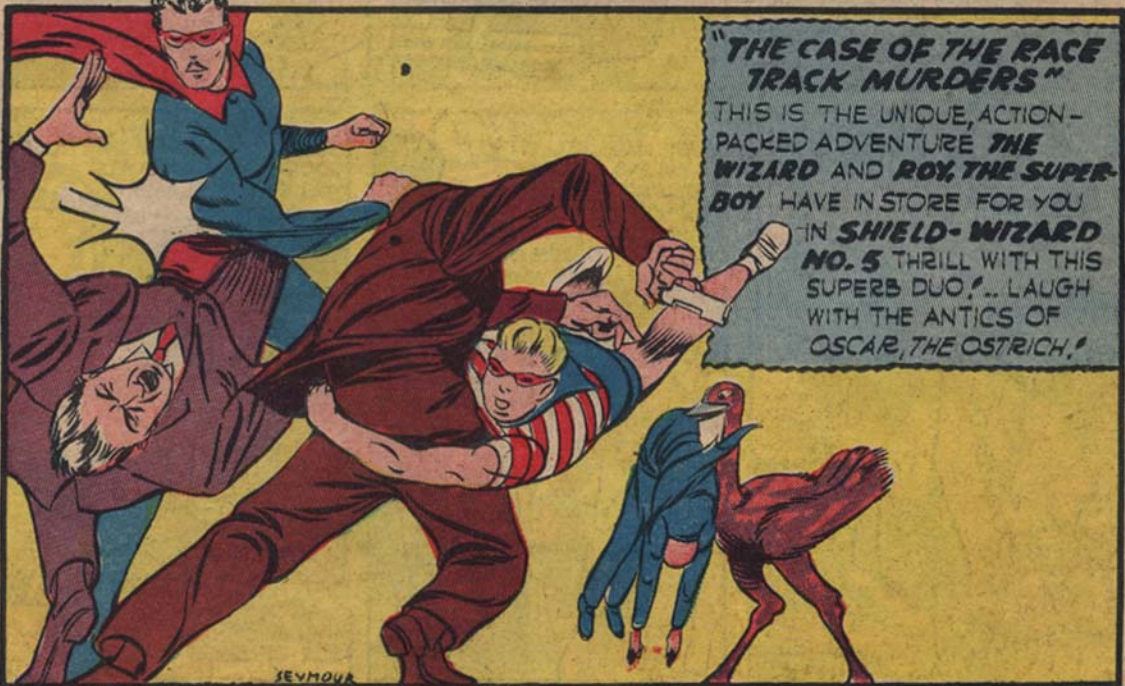
# SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS SOON!

LOOK FOR IT!



**THE MONOCLED MONSTER!**  
OUT OF THE GRAVE, COMES THIS HORROR TO PREY UPON A TERRIFIED WORLD, AND ONLY TWO DARE PICK UP ITS FOUL CHALLENGE — **THE SHIELD AND DUSTY**, THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THIS BLOOD-CURDLING YARN — **THE MONOCLED MONSTER WALKS AGAIN!**



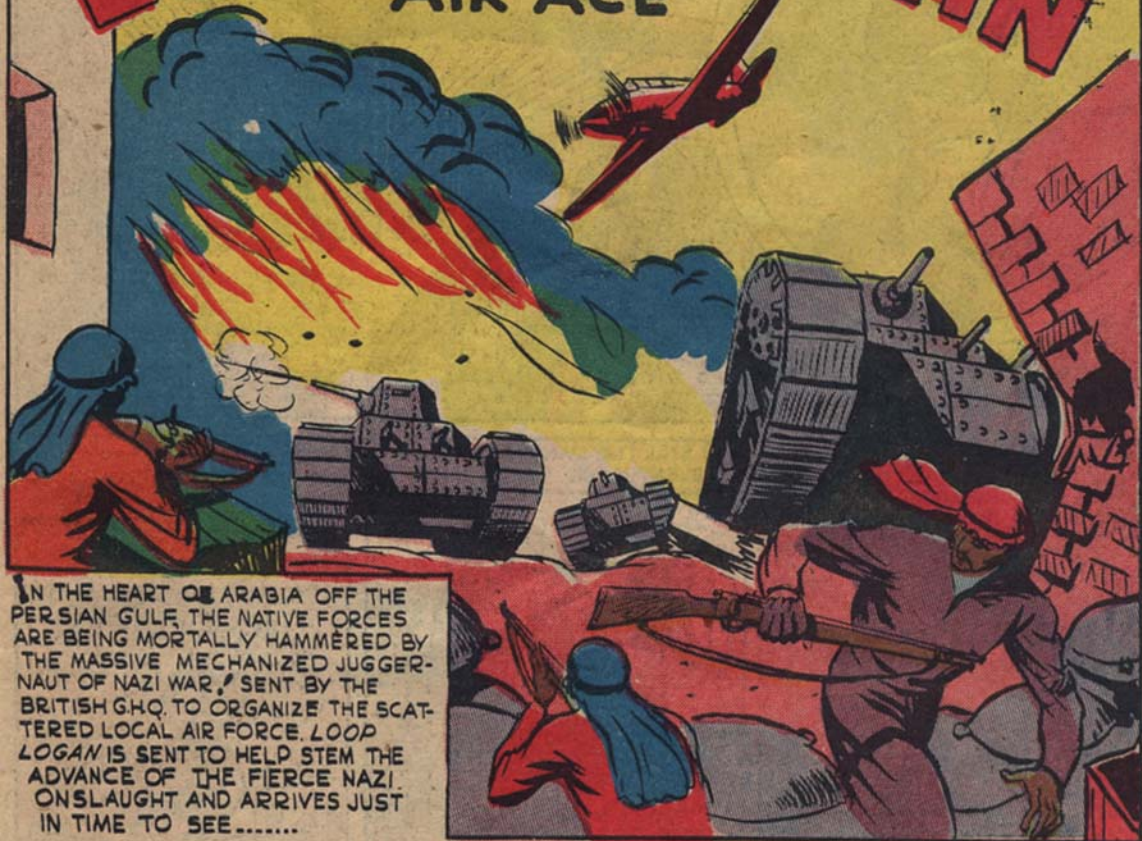
**"THE CASE OF THE RACE TRACK MURDERS"**  
THIS IS THE UNIQUE, ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE **THE WIZARD AND ROX, THE SUPER-BOY** HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU IN **SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5** THRILL WITH THIS SUPERB DUO... LAUGH WITH THE ANTICS OF **OSCAR, THE OSTRICH!**

SEYMOUR

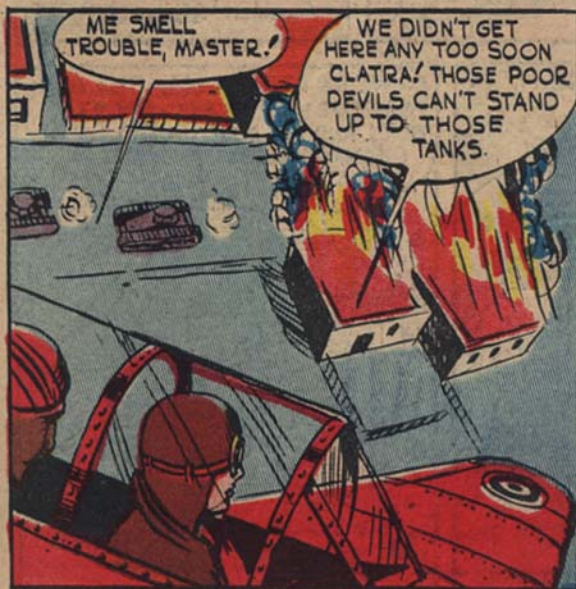


# LOOP LOGAN


## AIR ACE



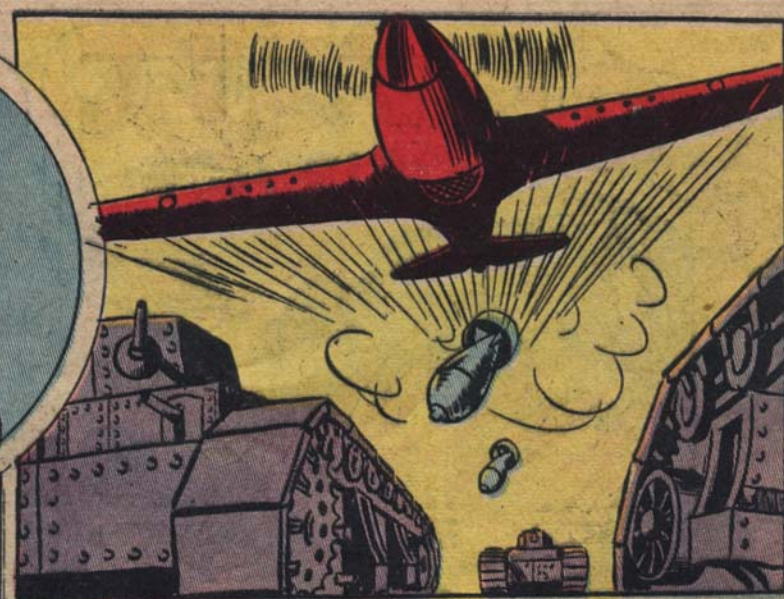
IN THE HEART OF ARABIA OFF THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NATIVE FORCES ARE BEING MORTALLY HAMMERED BY THE MASSIVE MECHANIZED JUGGERNAUT OF NAZI WAR, SENT BY THE BRITISH GHQ, TO ORGANIZE THE SCATTERED LOCAL AIR FORCE. LOOP LOGAN IS SENT TO HELP STEM THE ADVANCE OF THE FIERCE NAZI ONSLAUGHT AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE.....





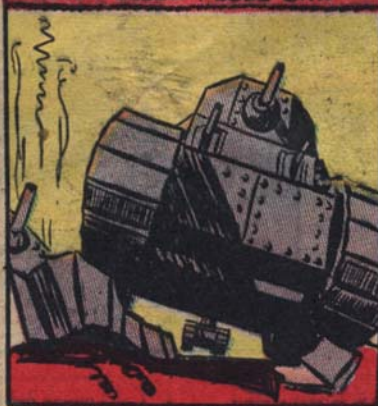


LET'S USE THEM!  
DROP THOSE EGGS!  
NOW!




LOGAN'S UNERRING AIM SMASHES  
TWO NAZI TANKS TO BITS.....

BUT STILL THE PANZER DIVISION  
RELENTLESSLY PLODS ON!!



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE  
ONSLAUGHT OF THE TANKS THE  
NATIVES TURN AND RUN!



WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THIS  
RETREAT, CLATRA!

HERE COMES  
LEADER GENTLE-  
MAN WHO LOOKS  
LIKE OFFICER!

I'M LOOP LOGAN!  
WHO'S THE  
HEAD OF THIS  
OUTFIT?

THAT'S ME!  
GENERAL DADBAG  
AT YOUR  
SERVICE!

LOGAN WE ARE IN A VERY BAD WAY  
HERE! WE HAVE NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
GUNS AND NO BOMBING PLANES.  
PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER  
EVACUATE TOWN! YES?



HMM!  
AREN'T THOSE  
WASPS' NESTS  
OVER THERE,  
GENERAL?







WE HAVE ONLY TWO UNIFORMS FOR ALL OF US... SO SHARE ALL, SHARE ALIKE.

HERE COMES A MESSENGER, HE LOOKS IN A HURRY.



GENERAL DADBAG, SIR... REPORTING FROM OBSERVATION POST, FLEET OF ENEMY PLANES SIGHTED MAKING RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT!

THERE'S NO NAZI AIR BASE WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES WHERE COULD THEY COME FROM!



THERE'S NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS, WE'VE GOT TO GET YOUR PLANES UP IN THE AIR, LEAD ME TO THEM!



HURRY MEN, HURRY, WHEEL THE PLANES OUT OF THE HANGAR



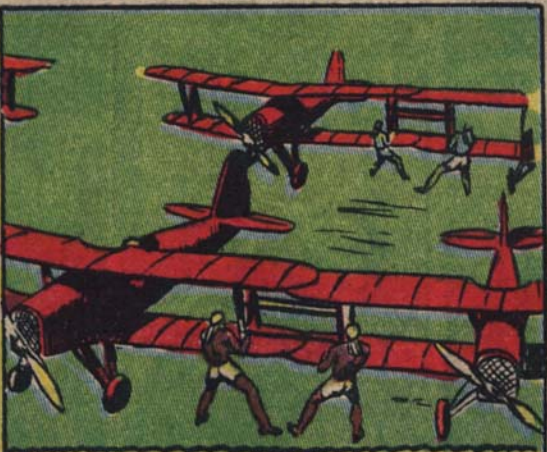
GREAT GUNS! IS THIS ALL THEY'VE GOT? A FLEET OF OLD FASHIONED JENNYS AND TEN FIGHTER PLANES, SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!



WE HAVE TWO MORE MISTER LOGAN!

THAT'S IT! TWO OF THEM TOGETHER WOULD CARRY A LOAD OF BOMBS!

TWO ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE, MASTER!



LOOP DIRECTS THE NATIVE FLIERS TO CABLE THE PLANES IN PAIRS AND LOAD UP WITH BOMBS.....

ENEMY PLANE MASTER, MASTER.

HMM, WITH A RETRACTING LANDING GEAR, THAT MEANS THE BASE IS AN AIRPLANE CARRIER!





LATER, ABOARD THE NAZI AIRPLANE CARRIER, IN THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NAZI RECONNAISSANCE SCOUT REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...

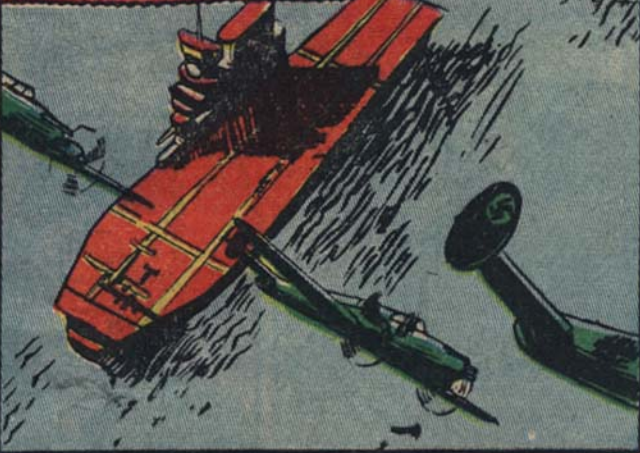


DEY HAF NO BOMBERS, HERR CAPITAN.

NO BOMBERS, VY SHOULD VE HURRY DEN?

LET ME FINISH DINNER AND VE FIGHT DEM TONIGHT, IT'LL BE EASY!

THAT NIGHT THE NAZIS TAKE OFF ON THEIR ERRAND OF DEATH!



AS THE NAZI ZOOM SKYWARD SUDDENLY, LOOP LOGAN, LEADING FIGHTER PLANES SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

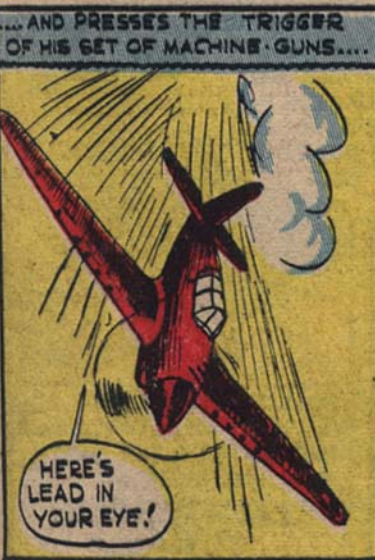
ACH! DIS SHOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY!



ATTENTION SQUADRON! DRAW ENEMY PLANES OVER THE PERSIAN GULF! AWAY FROM THEIR BASE!



WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY LOOP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE ARABS, DIVES FOR THE REAR OF THE NAZI SQUADRON ...



...AND PRESSES THE TRIGGER OF HIS SET OF MACHINE GUNS...

HERE'S LEAD IN YOUR EYE!



THAT'S ONE DOWN.

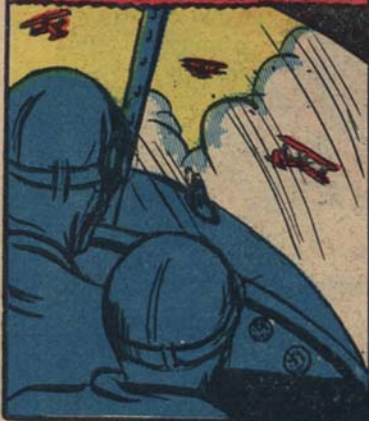
BETTER GET BACK TO THE OTHERS! HELP THEM LURE THE NAZIS FROM THE CARRIER!



ATTENTION SQUADRON! KEEP DIVERTING ENEMY BY RETREATING. FLY YOUR FIGHTERS IN FORMATION!



NOT KNOWING HOW TO FLY IN FORMATION THE NATIVE FLIERS DISPERSE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



ACH, HOW CAN WE FIRE AT DEM? VY DON'T THEY FLY IN FORMATION?

LOOK!  
BOMBERS!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY FLY LOOP'S INGENUOUSLY DEvised 'BOMBERS'



LOOP LEADS HIS BOMBERS OVER THE AIRPLANE CARRIER!



THERE SHE IS!  
UNLOAD BOYS!

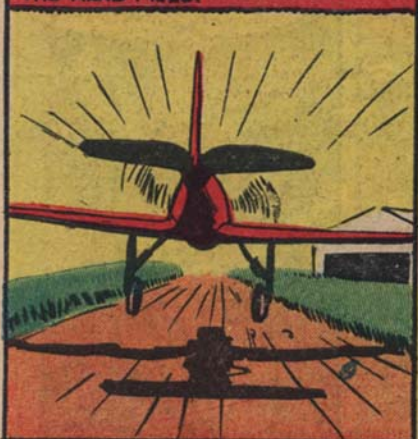
I THOUGHT YOU SAID, DEY VAS NO BOMBERS. LOOK OUT!



THE BOMBS FIND THEIR MARK AND THE CARRIER IS TOTALLY DESTROYED!



LATER... THE ENTIRE NAZI AIR-THRUST SUCCESSFULLY COUNTER-ATTACKED, LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA TAXI INTO THE ARAB FIELD!



LOGAN!... YOU ARE A WIZARD... YOU'RE MARVELOUS!... I FEEL LIKE... LIKE TO KISS YOU!



CLATRA!  
I'D RATHER FACE A WHOLE NAZI SQUADRON THAN THE GENERAL'S WET BEARD! LET'S BEAT IT!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF **BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**



# MR. JUSTICE

SO MR. JUSTICE HAS FOLLOWED ME EVEN INTO THIS WORLD. WHAT A SURPRISE IS WAITING FOR HIM!

MR. JUSTICE AND FAT CLARK HAVE ARRIVED IN THE WORLD OF THE ATOMS - A WORLD SO SMALL THAT IT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN BY MAN. ON THIS MICROSCOPIC ORB MR. JUSTICE HOPES TO TRAP THE GREEN GHOUL AND BID THE EARTH FOREVER OF THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF DEATH AND HORROR!

BY S. COOPER



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRAP HIM INSIDE A PIECE OF FIRE WHICH I WILL CREATE WITH THIS VIAL OF PURGATORY POWDER - THEN I SHALL DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD - AND HIM AND THE GIRL WITH IT!

MEANTIME... WILL WE EVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH, OR ARE WE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER?

WE SHALL RETURN TO THE EARTH - BUT ONLY AFTER WE HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN GHOU!







THE GREEN GHOUL SCATTERS THE PURGATORY POWDER IN A CIRCLE AND THEN—

MR. JUSTICE!  
MR. JUSTICE!  
IF I'M THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR COME ON AND GET ME— IF YOU CAN!



THE GREEN GHOUL! BUT WHY SHOULD HE CALL OUR ATTENTION TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE— BUT I'M GOING AFTER HIM ANYHOW!



PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

I—I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!  
MR. JUSTICE!...WHAT'S HAPPENED?



AS THE ROYAL WRAITH PURSUES HIS ENEMY, THE GREEN GHOUL FLINGS A FLAMING FLAG-GOT INTO THE PURGATORY POWDER, WHICH FLARES UP—TRAPPING MR. JUSTICE AND PAT IN THE CENTER OF IT!?



WE'RE TRAPPED, PAT! NO BEING— HUMAN OR SPIRIT— CAN PASS THROUGH THE FLAMES OF PURGATORY POWDER!



THIS IS YOUR END, MR. JUSTICE! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN ESCAPE IS BY HAVING A CREATURE OF THIS ATOM WORLD RESCUE YOU!

AND THE ONLY CREATURES HERE WILL WANT TO DESTROY YOU, NOT SAVE YOU! YOU ARE DOOMED— BOTH OF YOU!



NOW I SHALL RETURN TO MY NORMAL SIZE AND DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD AS EASILY AS IF IT WERE AN EGG SHELL!



I'M SORRY PAT! IT LOOKS AS IF WERE BOTH FINISHED— FOR ETERNITY!





HE'S GONE, PAT! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'LL DESTROY THIS ATOM GLOBE - AND US WITH IT!



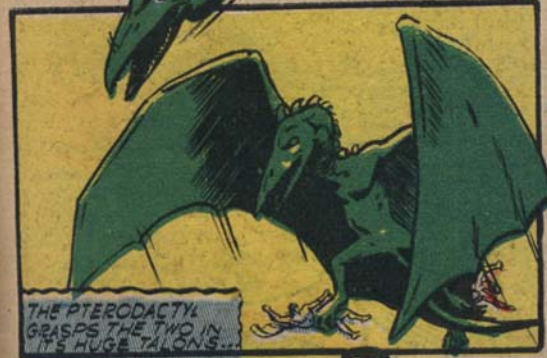
BUT PERCHED IN ITS NEST, A MAMMOTH PTERODACTYL IS ATTRACTED BY THE TINY FIGURES!



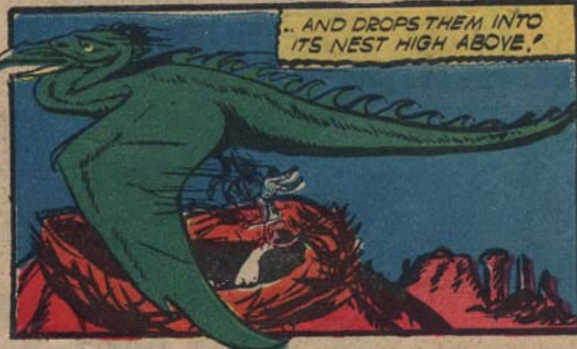
THE BIRD OF PREY SWOOPS DOWN ON ITS INTENDED VICTIMS!



GOOD LORD! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!



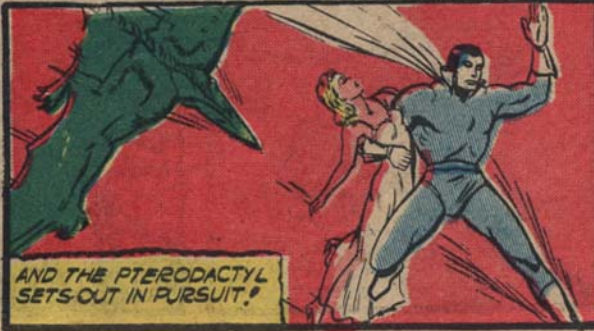
THE PTERODACTYL GRASPS THE TWO IN ITS HUGE TALONS...



... AND DROPS THEM INTO ITS NEST HIGH ABOVE!

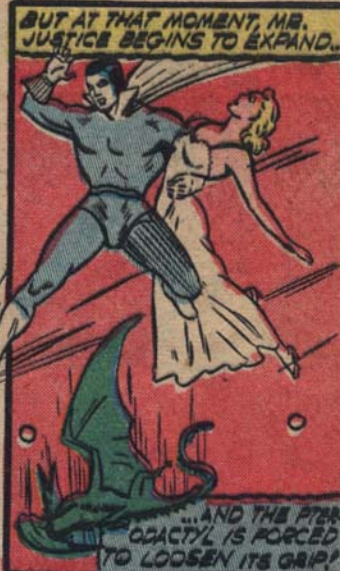


THE MOMENT THE GREAT BIRD RELEASES THEM FROM ITS GRASP, MR. JUSTICE RACES OFF WITH PAT!



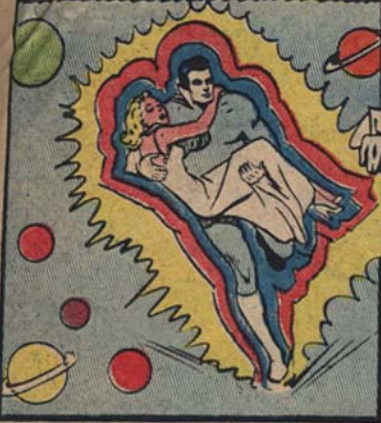
AND THE PTERODACTYL SETS OUT IN PURSUIT!



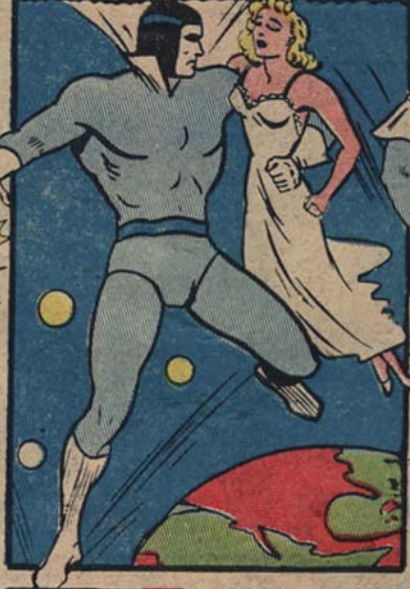




MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK  
GROW IN SIZE, AS THEY  
EMERGE FROM THE ATOM - AND  
THEN -



THEY START THEIR DESCENT TO  
EARTH...



THIS IS WHERE WE BEGAN  
OUR ADVENTURE! NOW  
WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON  
WITH IT!



I'M CONFIDENT  
YOU'LL OVERTAKE  
THE GREEN GHOUL  
NOW, MR. JUSTICE!

AS THE TWO REACH EARTH ONCE  
AGAIN, MR. JUSTICE ASSUMES HIS  
MORTAL FORM

BUT WHERE AM  
I TO START  
LOOKING FOR  
HIM? I CAN'T AF-  
FORD TO WAIT  
UNTIL HE MAKES  
HIS NEXT MOVE.  
I HAVE TO ACT  
NOW!

HE KILLED MR.  
TRACY AND ENTERED  
HIS BODY. REMEMBER? DO  
YOU SUPPOSE  
HE INTENDS TO  
USE TRACY'S  
BODY TO GET  
TO MY FATHER  
THEN KILL HIM  
AS WELL?



I. I'M SO  
AFRAID

DON'T BE AFRAID,  
PAT. I'M GOING TO  
GET IN TOUCH WITH  
YOUR FATHER AT ONCE!

IF THE GREEN GHOUL  
DECIDES TO STRIKE -  
WE'LL SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS!



MAYOR CLARK, AT THAT  
MOMENT, HAS RETURNED  
FROM A CONFERENCE IN  
WASHINGTON AND ENTERS  
HIS OFFICE...



AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE  
BACK! I HOPE EVERYTHING  
HAS GONE WELL WHILE  
I'VE BEEN AWAY!

HELLO! WILL YOU HAVE  
MR. TRACY STEpped IN  
HERE, PLEASE!

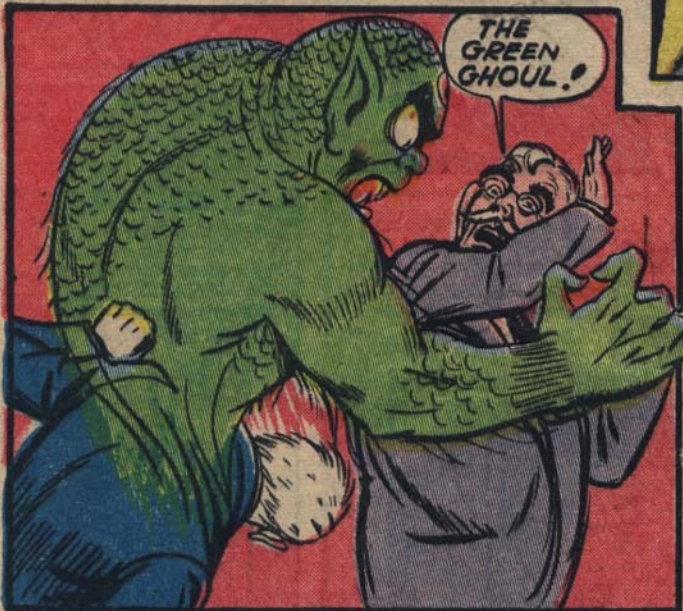
YES, MISTER  
MAYOR!



SO IT'S MR.  
TRACY HE WANTS  
TO SEE, IS IT?  
HE'LL SEE ME  
SOON ENOUGH!









BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE ENTERS UPON THE SCENE...

JUSTICE!  
YOU AGAIN!

THOUGHT  
YOU TRAP-  
PED ME  
ON THE  
ATOM, DID-  
N'T YOU?  
WELL, YOU  
FAILED!

THE GREEN GHOUL  
DASHES MADLY OUT  
OF THE OFFICE...

I'LL GET HIM  
IN A  
MINUTE!  
RIGHT NOW,  
I'LL HAVE  
TO SEE HOW  
THE MAYOR  
IS!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!  
BUT STILL  
BREATHING!  
THANK HEAVEN  
FOR THAT!  
I'LL SEND OUT AN  
ALARM AND HAVE HIM  
TAKEN  
CARE OF- AND NOW- I'M  
GOING TO GET THE  
GHOUL ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!

MEANTIME, THE THING THAT EVIL SPAWNED  
RACES OUT INTO THE STREET BOWLING  
OVER EVERYONE WHO CROSSES HIS PATH!

THERE  
HE GOES!

YOU WON'T GET ME!  
I OOTWITTED YOU ONCE AND  
I'LL DO IT  
AGAIN!

THE GHOUL  
SOARS UP  
INTO THE  
AIR...



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO REACH THE VOID BETWEEN THE SPIRIT WORLD AND THE MORTAL WORLD. I'LL BATTLE JUSTICE ON EVEN TERMS... AND THE LOSER WILL DISINTEGRATE FOREVER!



I THINK I KNOW WHAT HIS GAME IS... AND I'LL BE READY FOR HIM! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FOR HIM!



THE GREEN GHOUL REACHES THE VOID AND WATCHES THE APPROACH OF MR. JUSTICE...



THAT'S JUST WHAT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DO! HE'S REACHED THE VOID... AND WHEN I GO IN TO BATTLE HIM, ONE OF US WILL FORFEIT ETERNAL LIFE UNTIL THE END OF TIME!



ALL RIGHT, JUSTICE! I'M WAITING FOR YOU! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME—COME AND TRY!



I'M COMING, GHOUL! AND I'M WARNING YOU THAT YOUR FOUL EXISTENCE IN THIS WORLD IS ABOUT TO END!



AND SO MR. JUSTICE RUSHES IN TO DO BATTLE WITH THE GREEN GHOUL—THE OUTCOME OF WHICH WILL INFLUENCE THE FATE OF MANKIND ITSELF!





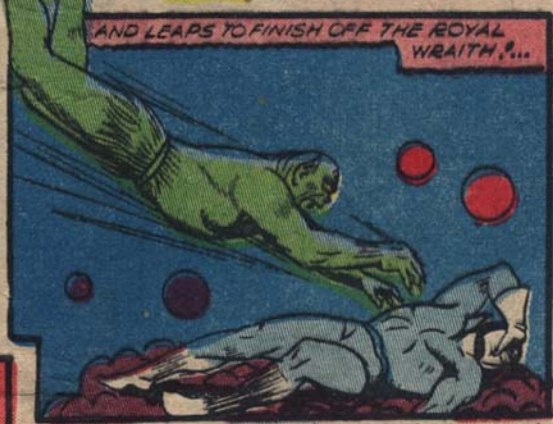


IN THIS VOID, YOU'RE JUST AS VULNERABLE AS A HUMAN BEING. YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME.

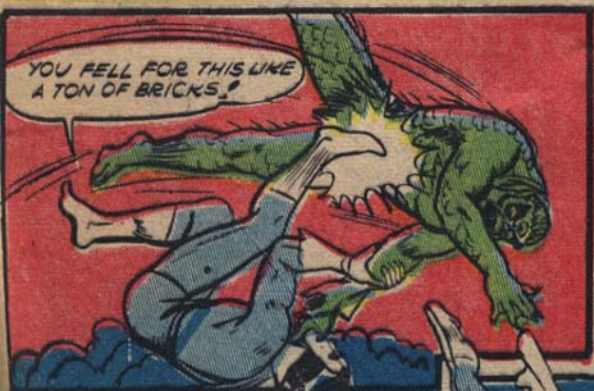
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. YOU'RE NOT INVULNERABLE EITHER.



THE GHOUL LASHES OUT WITH A VICIOUS BLOW!...



AND LEAPS TO FINISH OFF THE ROYAL WRAITH!...



YOU FELL FOR THIS LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!



AND NOW I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND!



YOU'RE FINISHED GHOUL!



AND SO THE GREEN GHOUL'S HIDEOUS LIFE IS ENDED - AND AS HIS BODY DISINTEGRATES, THE DUST FALLS INTO THE SEA, TO SINK TO THE FOUL DEPTHS FROM WHENCE HE SPRANG!





WITH THE DEATH OF THE GHOUL, THE DEVIL FLIES INTO A TANTRUM!



JUSTICE PUT AN END TO MY CREATION! BUT I SHALL CREATE AN EVEN MORE HORRIBLE MENACE THAN THE GHOUL! WAIT UNTIL THAT FOOL RUNS UP AGAINST THE EVIL EYE!



MR. JUSTICE, MEANTIME, RETURNS TO THE MORTAL WORLD...



AND ASSUMES HIS MORTAL FORM ONCE AGAIN!



WHILE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

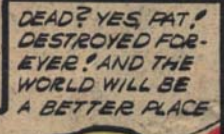
DAD! DAD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



IT WAS THE GHOUL, PAT! VERY NEARLY FINISHED ME OFF, TOO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SAVED ME - I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS! OH - THERE'S MR. JUSTICE!



DEAD? YES, PAT! DESTROYED FOREVER! AND THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE



IS - IS THE GREEN GHOUL - FOR EVERYONE!



YOU HAVE DONE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE, MR. JUSTICE! THANK YOU, MISTER MAYOR!



THE EVIL EYE! WHAT MONSTROUS CREATURE IS IT! NEXT MONTH, MR. JUSTICE SETS OUT TO OVERPOWER THIS CREATURE FROM THE OTHER WORLD!



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